

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

No. 113.—VOL. V.]

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1871.

{ PRICE TEN CENTS.
{ WITH SUPPLEMENT.



SCENERY IN NEVADA.

SCULPTURED CANYON, HUMBOLDT RANGE. See Page 616.

MORTON HOUSE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE ATLYMER."

CHAPTER XXI.—MISS TRESHAM KEEPS HER WORD.

The morning after the ball at Annesdale, Katharine was one of the few people who came down-stairs at the usual hour. Most of the ladies kept their chambers, and the gentlemen dropped into the breakfast-room at irregular intervals, looking the worse for their night's amusement. Miss Tresham received many compliments on her matutinal habits—all of which she answered by a faint smile. "I don't deserve any credit for my energy," she said. "I should have liked very much to sleep longer, and probably would have done so, if I had not been obliged to go to Tallahoma this morning."

Mrs. Annesley was sitting at another table and talking to quite another set of people; but she caught the last words and turned round.

"Did I hear you say something about Tallahoma, Miss Tresham? I hope you are not intending to desert us?"

"Not unless you prohibit my return," answered Katharine, smiling. "I was only talking of going into town for a while this morning—on business," she added, as she saw a slight expression of surprise on Mrs. Annesley's face.

"Hear! hear!" cried Mr. Langdon, laughing. "'On business'—that is, to buy six yards of ribbon, or a pair of gloves. How grandly you ladies talk!"

"To buy something much more important than many yards of ribbon, or many pairs of gloves," answered Miss Tresham, gravely. Then she turned to Mrs. Annesley, and asked if she could send her into town.

"Certainly. The carriage is at your service," her hostess replied. "At what hour shall I order it?"

"Immediately after breakfast, if you please," Katharine answered.

Immediately after breakfast, Miss Tresham went up-stairs, and put on her bonnet and cloak. When she came down, the carriage was standing before the door, and, while she was congratulating herself on her escape from companionship and questioning, lo! from the drawing-room, sallied forth Mrs. French arrayed in full out-door costume.

"You don't object to taking me along, do you, Miss Tresham?" she asked, with a smile that Katharine could not help thinking had the least possible tinge of malicious enjoyment in it. "Mamma wants me to go to the Andersons, and they live on the other side of Tallahoma. I can drop you in the village, and call for you as I return, if you say so."

Katharine said so with the best grace she could summon, and in this way found herself fairly booked to make the best or worst of Mrs. French during a five-miles' drive. For a while, the latter spared her any conversational exertion—being full of the important subject of the ball, on which her tongue ran as glibly as possible.

"Was it pleasant, Miss Tresham?—did you really enjoy yourself?" she asked. "Did other people seem to be enjoying themselves? Of course everybody told me that it was delightful; but I have said such things dozens of times, when in fact I had been nearly bored to death. After one has told stories of that kind one's self, one isn't apt to believe other people, you know. I am so glad you think every thing went off nicely. Our ball has become quite the Christmas event in Lagrange, and I always like it to be nice. It often strikes me that it is a very daring thing to bring a hundred or so people together, and leave them to amuse themselves—for that is what a ball really comes to, you know."

"Indeed I don't know," said Katharine, smiling. "On the contrary, I think it is on the hostess that the success or failure of a ball principally rests. You must not try to shirk the success of yours, Mrs. French."

"Oh, it was mamma who played hostess," said Mrs. French, with a shrug. "I took no more responsibility of that sort than any of the guests. When I come home, I tried to forget that I am married; and I generally succeed in enjoying myself quite as much as if I was a girl with a dozen or so of admirers. By-the-by, we were talking over the

ball this morning, and there was quite a discussion going on as to who was the belle of it. Tell me who you think is best entitled to that distinction."

"That is hard to say," answered Katharine, trying to keep her wandering thoughts to the subject in question. "Everybody has a different opinion as to who was the belle of the ball. I think Miss Vernon was the most beautiful woman present; but whether other people thought so, or whether that constitutes bellehood, I really don't know."

"I should say that the woman who was most sought and admired was the belle," said Mrs. French, decidedly. "You were very much admired, Miss Tresham," she went on, with surprising candor. "Any number of people asked me who you were, and said you danced so gracefully. I suppose you learned to dance in Europe—in Paris, perhaps."

"Indeed, no," said Katharine, smiling and sighing both at once. "I never was in Paris. I learned to dance at home—in the West Indies—where everybody loves it so."

"But you are English."

"I am West Indian," said Katharine, flushing a little. "Please don't call me English, for I am no more English than you are. Your grandparents, or great-grandparents, probably came from England, and so did mine—that is all."

In this strain, the conversation went on until Tallahoma was in sight, and Katharine, instead of being fresh and ready for what was before her, felt already wearied and downcast.

"Where shall I tell John to stop, Miss Tresham?" asked Mrs. French, with her hand on the check-string, as they entered the town.

"At—" Katharine stopped a moment. She was about to say "Mrs. Marks," but a timely recollection of the lateness of the hour, and of the many detentions that would await her there, came over her. It was imperative that she should see Mr. Marks at once, and that the business which brought her to Tallahoma should be transacted without loss of time; so she finished her sentence by saying—"the bank."

"The bank, John," said Mrs. French, with a little arch of her eyebrows. Then she added, laughingly, "I must tell Mr. Langdon that your business in Tallahoma really was business. One doesn't go to a bank to buy ribbons and gloves."

"I am going to see Mr. Marks about my salary," said Katharine, more annoyed by this remark than was strictly reasonable, and thinking she would put an end to any and all conjectures concerning her business.

"My dear Miss Tresham," said Mrs. French, a little shocked, "I hope you don't think that I meant any thing—that I was so impatient as to be curious about your affairs. I really beg your pardon, if I said any thing to make you think so."

"You did not say any thing," answered Katharine. "I ought to beg your pardon for mentioning them—only one certainly does not go to a bank to buy ribbons and gloves."

"This is the place now," said Mrs. French, looking out. "Shall I call for you here, Miss Tresham?"

"At Mrs. Marks's, if you please," said Katharine, as the footman opened the door, and she descended to the sidewalk. "I shall be back in about two hours," was the last thing she heard Mrs. French say, as the carriage drove off.

Watching it out of sight, the girl said: "Thank Heaven!" with fervor, then turned, and, opening a gate just before her, went up a short walk bordered with green box, to the door of a somewhat gloomy-looking brick house. She knew the place well, for, during her first year of residence with the Marks family, they had lived here; and it was only because the children were growing large, and the house, with the bank apartments deducted, was uncomfortably small, that they had removed to the outskirts of the village. Nobody was more glad of the change than Katharine; but still, her local attachments were strong, and she gave a kind smile round the yard, with every nook and corner of which she had been familiar. She even stopped a moment to examine a rose-bush, that was clambering over the porch, before she went in. The passage which she entered looked dark and cheerless, but, on a door to the right, the word "Bank" was conspicuously lettered; and, as this door was ajar, a large, well-lighted room, with a counter running across it, was visible. Here all was well-known ground; so Katharine walked in without any hesitation. Two gentlemen were standing at a fireplace behind the counter, and they

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

both turned as she entered. One was Mr. Marks, the other Mr. Warwick. A young man was busy with accounts at the other end of the apartment.

"Why, Miss Kate, is it possible?" said the cashier, meeting her in his hearty way. He shook hands, and seemed so glad to see her, that Katharine, who was thoroughly unnerved, felt half-inclined to cry. It is astonishing how every emotion with a woman takes the form of that inclination. "Yes, it is I, Mr. Marks," she said; and, while she was making inquiries about Mrs. Marks and the children, Mr. Warwick, after speaking to her, took his departure. "I'll be back in the course of an hour," he said to Mr. Marks; and then he went out—looking, Katharine thought, a little more grave than was usual with him.

Her own business was soon transacted. If Mr. Marks felt any surprise at the demand she came to make, he had discretion enough not to show it. "The whole amount, Miss Kate?" was all that he said. "The whole amount, if you please, Mr. Marks," she answered. So, after due examination of accounts, and due adding up of interest, Katharine found no less a sum than one thousand dollars in crisp bank-notes, paid to her across the counter. Her heart gave a great leap. She had been so little accustomed to the command of money in her life, that this seemed to her a large amount—quite a moderate fortune, in fact. "Surely it will buy my freedom," she thought to herself, with a strange pang at her heart; and then, while she signed a receipt for the payment, a sudden thought occurred to her, and she startled Mr. Marks by dropping the pen, and looking up at him.

"Mr. Marks, I am sorry," she said, hastily, "but could you let me have the amount in gold?"

"In gold!" echoed Mr. Marks, so much astonished that he could not help showing it. "In gold, Miss Kate?"

"Yes—if it will not inconvenience you—if—"

"If it will not inconvenience you, my dear young lady," interrupted the cashier, laughing a little. "You'll find it rather troublesome, I think; but of course the bank is always ready to pay specie when demanded on its notes. Do you want all that money in gold?"

"All, if you please."

"I must go down into the vault for it, then. We don't keep specie up here," he added, smiling.

As Katharine stood waiting for him to return, she hurriedly reviewed the situation in her mind. Regarded in any light, it was a rather embarrassing one. To conceal a thousand dollars in gold about her person was simply impossible; to carry it in her hand through the streets, without exciting much observation, and incurring much fatigue, was equally impossible. Yet what was to be done? If she paid the bank-notes to St. John, he would certainly convert them immediately into specie; and, as the notes might readily be identified, this would subject her to a great deal of unpleasant conjecture and possible inquiry. The only way to avoid it was to draw the gold at once; and yet, in that case, the problem still remained—how was she to take the amount either to Mrs. Marks, or to Annesdale, being unfortunately unprovided with any convenient pocket or satchel? Necessity, however, is the best spur, not only to invention, but to fertile expedient. As Mr. Marks reëntered the apartment, a solution for her difficulty flashed through Katharine's brain. She thanked him, after he had counted the last one of the ringing yellow pieces down before her; and, while he was methodically tying them up in a canvas bag, she asked, quickly:

"Mr. Marks, would you object to my seeing a friend in the parlor yonder, across the passage?"

"Certainly not, Miss Katharine," answered Mr. Marks, speaking without the least hesitation. "By all means, see a half-dozen friends there, if you desire."

"One will do," said Katharine, acknowledging this pleasantry by a faint smile. "Now one thing more—will you give me a pen and some paper?"

Pen and paper were obligingly placed before her; and she wrote a few lines, folded, sealed, and addressed the note to Mr. Henry Johns. As she was about to leave the room in search of a messenger, Mr. Marks spoke:

"If it's a note you want taken anywhere, Miss Kate, Hugh can go for you. He'll not be sorry for a walk," he said, nodding toward the clerk.

"If Mr. Ellis won't mind," said Katharine, looking at him with a smile. The young man put down his pen, and came forward with an air which plainly showed that he did not mind. In shy, boyish fashion, he was quite an admirer of Miss Tresham, and she knew it.

"You are always ready to oblige me," she said, giving him the note, with a smile that almost turned his head. Then she followed him into the passage. "See the gentleman yourself, please," she said; and Hugh promised that he would.

After he was gone, she went into the unfurnished parlor, and walked up and down the floor, chinking the bag of gold which she kept whispering to herself would buy her freedom—at least, for the present. After a while, however, she found it heavy, and put it down on the window-sill, for tables or chairs there were none. Then, as she stood waiting, the forlorn aspect of every thing around began to strike her. Few things are more forlorn than an empty room—a room of bare floor, naked walls, uncurtained windows—and when, together with these things, the day is cloudy, and the prospect without not a whit more enlivening than the prospect within, it would take a very strong mind indeed to withstand the effect of time and place. Some people are peculiarly susceptible to influences like these, and Katharine was one of them. Those who knew her well thought she deserved a great deal of credit for being as quiet and full of practical common-sense as she generally proved herself; for she possessed in unfortunate degree that sensitiveness to outside events, that capability of being deeply affected by outside things, which sober, phlegmatic folk are fond of calling "nonsense." Engrossed as she now was by thoughts of the coming interview, she was not so engrossed but that she noticed at the time, and remembered afterward, every separate detail that went to make up the scene around her—every grotesque figure on the sickly green wall-paper, every cobweb across the dusty, fly-specked windows, every tree and shrub in the yard outside. She was looking at her watch, and thinking how fast time was going, when the click of the gate-latch made her start, and, looking up, she saw Hugh Ellis ushering in St. John.

As they entered the passage, she opened the parlor door, and motioned the latter to enter. When he obeyed, she closed it again, and, without speaking, walked to the window where the bag of money lay. Taking it in her hand, she turned and held it out as he approached.

"Here it is, St. John," she said. "I wish it was more, but, such as it is, you are welcome to it. Don't think that I grudge you one shilling when I say—will you go now and leave me in peace?"

"You think of nothing but yourself," said he, without touching the money. "From first to last, you have thought of nothing but yourself, and of being 'left in peace.' Yet, there are people who call women unselfish."

"If I think of myself, who forced me to do so?" said she. "St. John, don't let us recriminate now. Here is the money. Take it—believe me, you are welcome to it."

"As a price to get rid of me."

"No—as a relief freely given."

"It's a devilish mean thing to take it," said he. But still he did take it—opening his eyes a little at the amount.

"You must have been hoarding, Katharine," he said. "Or else they pay like princes here."

"They pay very well," she answered, "and I have not spent much. I have had no need to do so."

"What is the amount?"

"A thousand dollars. I took gold, because I thought you would prefer it to bank-notes."

"This is better," said he, a little absently. He weighed the bag in his hand, with an expert gesture. "Two hundred pounds sterling," said he. "Katharine, is it worth while to say that I am much obliged to you?"

"No—it is not worth while."

"Very well," said he, coolly.

He opened the bag, took out some of the coin and looked at it, put it back, and tied up the mouth again. Something slightly nervous in the action, struck Katharine; but, as he did not speak, she spoke herself.

"You will leave Tallahoma to-day, St. John?"

"No," said he, sharply. "Why should you think so?"

"I don't see what should detain you," she answered. "I—this is all I can do for you."

"I am not considering you," he said, coldly.

He turned and walked up and down the room, looking absently at the doors and windows as he passed.

"Is this rickety old place a bank?" he asked, after a while.

"Yes, it is a bank—that is, the bank is in the other room."

"Humph! They must offer a premium for feats of burglary."

"It is secure enough," Katharine answered—adding, suddenly, "St. John, don't waste time like this. Tell me what you mean by saying that you will not leave here."

"I mean that I have found work to do," he answered, coming back, and pausing before her. "I mean, Katharine, that I have found the thing I most need, and least hoped for—a claim on Fraser."

"A claim!—*here*!—St. John, are you mad?"

"If I am, it is the luckiest fit of madness that ever came to anybody," he replied, with a short laugh. "No, I am quite sane, and I tell you—"

"Hush!" said Katharine, catching his arm with a force that surprised him. "Hush!—what is that?"

They both stood quite silent, and listened—St. John full of astonishment, Katharine full of suspense. Through the closed door, there came the sound of a rustling dress and a woman's voice in the passage beyond. As soon as Miss Tresham heard this, she turned and glanced out of the window near by. To her dismay, the Annesley carriage stood before the gate.

"I must go," she said, hastily. "It is Mrs. French. St. John, don't keep me—I must go."

"Who is Mrs. French?" he asked, impatiently. "I want to see you—I want to speak to you about this business."

"I cannot stay now," she said; and, as she spoke, she moved rapidly across the room, and unclosed the door, just as there came a knock on the other side. Opening it suddenly, she faced Mrs. French, who was standing with her hand uplifted, ready to knock again.

"Oh, Miss Tresham," said she, rather taken aback. "I beg pardon—I hope I did not disturb you? The Andersons were not at home, so, thinking you might still be here, I called on my way to Mrs. Marks. Mr. Marks told me that you were in this room, and I merely wanted to let you know that I had come—I hope I did not disturb you."

"Not at all," said Katharine, perfectly conscious that, despite the obstacle of her figure, Mrs. French's eyes had fully explored the room, and fully scrutinized St. John, who was still standing near one of the windows, and immediately within her range of vision. "I am ready to go," she added. "Don't let me detain you."

"My time is quite at your service," said Mrs. French, with most obliging sweetness. "I can wait in the bank until you have finished your business."

"I have entirely finished it," answered Katharine.

In consequence of this reply, Mrs. French had no alternative but to turn from the door, and allow Miss Tresham an exit. As she walked down the passage, Katharine paused a moment, and motioned St. John to approach.

"If you are anxious to see me, you can come out to Annesdale," she said. "If what you have to say is important, you can meet me to-morrow in the place that I showed you before."

"At what hour?" he asked.

"I will try to be there by twelve," she answered, after which she closed the door, and followed Mrs. French.

"Shall I tell John to stop at Mrs. Marks's?" asked this lady, as she moved aside to let Katharine enter the carriage.

"I believe not," Miss Tresham answered. "I won't detain you. It does not matter, since I shall see Mrs. Marks in two or three days." "Home, John," said Mrs. French, gathering her silk dress in both hands and stepping into the carriage.

Ten minutes after the equipage rolled out of sight, Mr. Warwick came down the street toward the bank. As he entered the gate, he met St. John, who was just going out. A glance only passed between the two men; but sometimes a glance can be very significant. The remembrance of the lawyer's keen eyes gave the adventurer an uncomfortable feeling as he walked along, with Katharine's thousand dollars safely stowed in his pockets, while Mr. Warwick went straight into the bank and asked Mr. Marks what "that man" had wanted there.

"That man!—whom do you mean?" inquired the cashier, in a tone of surprise.

"That St. John, or Johns, as I believe he calls himself—what did he come here for?"

"St. John!—Johns!—There has been nobody here of that name," said Mr. Marks, looking puzzled. "In fact, there has been nobody here at all since you left, excepting Mrs. French, who called for Miss Tresham."

"The gentleman Mr. Warwick means is the one Miss Tresham sent for," said Hugh Ellis, looking up. "I saw him as he went out of the gate."

"Miss Tresham sent for him?" repeated Mr. Warwick.

He said nothing more, but walked to one of the windows, and stood there for a minute gazing out. Then he turned and came back to his brother-in-law.

"Don't think I am meddling," he said, "but if it is not confidential, I should like to know what Miss Tresham's business was. Did she say anything to you about that man?"

"She said nothing about any man," replied Mr. Marks. "She came to draw her money."

"Her money!"

"The whole of her two-years' salary," said the cashier. "A very pretty little sum it was, too," he added, approvingly. "A thousand dollars down in gold."

"Why did you pay it in gold?"

"Because she requested it—from a foreigner's distrust of our paper, I suppose. I did not think of it before," he went on, "but it looks a little as if she meant to go away. If she did, I should be very sorry, for I don't know where I could find another teacher who would suit us all as she does. As for the man, I don't know any thing about him. She wrote a note, and sent it by Hugh; but he hadn't been here more than ten minutes before Mrs. French came."

"Did Miss Tresham go away then?"

"Yes, she went away then."

Mr. Marks paused a moment, looked at his brother-in-law, and added, hastily:

"I hope there's nothing wrong about the man, Warwick? It did not occur to me to think any thing—somehow I always feel as if Miss Tresham could be trusted as we don't trust every woman of her age."

"I am sure Miss Tresham can be trusted," said Mr. Warwick, quickly. "You don't suppose I was thinking of her? Whatever the man may be, there's one thing certain—she can be trusted."

"I am glad to hear you say so," responded Mr. Marks, looking relieved.

"Surely you did not need to hear me say so? Now, about my business. Mrs. Gordon asked me to get this check cashed for her. She wants the money at once."

CHAPTER XXII.—SPITFIRE PLAYS AT HIDE-AND-SEEK.

"MAMMA," said Mrs. French, entering the drawing-room where her mother was sitting with half a dozen ladies, "have you any idea where Miss Tresham is? We want to rehearse the *tableaux* for to-morrow evening, and she is not to be found."

"I saw her go to walk a little while ago," said Mrs. Annesley, looking up from her embroidery. "She went out toward the shrubbery, Adela. You had better send for her if you need her."

"Send Mr. Langdon," said Mrs. Raynor, laughing.

"I wouldn't advise you to do any thing of the kind, if you want to see either of them soon again," remarked Mrs. Dargan. "That young man is really absurd!" she added, with considerable asperity.

"Send Maggie Lester and Morton," said Mrs. Annesley. "Spitfire will soon find her for them."

"That is a good idea!" cried Mrs. French, and, by way of putting it into execution, she immediately returned to the library where the principal portion of the party were assembled. A lively examination of engravings, and discussion of costumes, was going on here, and a great deal of interest and excitement was afloat; for, thirty years ago, *tableaux* were by no means the very common and very boring amusement which they are at present. In those days they were quite novel, especially in country districts—and, in consequence of the novelty, were considered very fascinating. Not long before this, Mrs. French had assisted at an exhibition of the kind in Mobile, and she was anxious to introduce the new amusement into Lagrange. Having abundant material at hand, in the matter of pretty girls, obliging gentlemen, and

an unlimited command of costume, she determined on giving a New-Year entertainment of this character. All the company received the idea with enthusiasm, and the only danger was that their zeal might outrun their discretion, inasmuch as they seemed anxious to prolong the entertainment indefinitely by representing every conceivable scene, and personating every imaginable character within the range of history or fiction. At length, however, this vaulting ambition was somewhat curbed, and the programme, after much weeding, was finally made out. Of course, the usual trouble about the distribution of parts—the trouble which is the bane of private theatricals, and all affairs of the kind—ensued. But, by judicious management, the stormy waters were allayed, and, after many compromises, peace was at length secured. But only peace in partial form. Characters being settled, dress yet remained an open question; and, when Mrs. French entered the library, a warm discussion was in progress.

"I tell you it ought to be black velvet and pearls," Miss Lester was saying, decidedly, as her friend walked up and touched her on the shoulder.

"Let the black velvet alone just now, Maggie," she said. "I want you to go out into the grounds and look for Miss Tresham. Mamma says she went to walk. I wouldn't ask you, only you are so fond of exercise; and, if you take Spitfire, he will soon show you where she is. We must have her to settle about the dress of Queen Mary. Please take Morton with you, and see if you can't find her."

"Do you hear that, Mr. Annesley?" asked Miss Lester, who was ready at once for the part assigned her. "The morning is charming, and I should like nothing better than a walk. Spitfire will like a game of hide-and-seek, too. He will find Miss Tresham for you in no time, Adela. Meanwhile"—this to the lady to whom she had been talking before—"remember that I say black velvet and pearls."

Spitfire was quite willing for a walk and a game of hide-and-seek, while Morton, for his part, was heartily tired of talk about doublets, and ruffs, and colored lights, and gauze screens.

"Oh, we can't let Mr. Annesley go—we haven't settled on the costume of the Master of Ravenswood yet!" cried one or two ladies, as he rose with alacrity to follow Miss Lester from the room.

"He won't be long," said Adela, philosophically. "What do you think Lucy Ashton ought to wear?—a bridal dress, of course; but in what shape?"

"Which way shall we go, Miss Lester?" asked Morton, as they descended the front steps together.

"We will ask Spitfire that," the young lady answered. "Here, Spitfire!—seek, sir, seek! Find Miss Tresham—Oh, I forgot," as Spitfire stood looking very confused and irresolute. "I must have something of Miss Tresham's to show him. Mr. Annesley, run into the hall and see if you can't find me something."

Mr. Annesley did as he was bid—that is, he walked into the hall, and returned after a minute or two with a long crimson scarf. "I think this is Miss Tresham's," he said. "I have seen her wear it several times."

"Here, Spitfire, here!" said his mistress, shaking the scarf at him, as if she was a matador and Spitfire was the bull she wished to enrage. "Smell it, pet—and now go and seek Miss Tresham."

Thanks to the instructions of "Cousin Tom," Spitfire was tolerably well trained. He sniffed at the scarf, then trotted about a little, sniffed at the ground in much the same disdainful fashion, and finally set off toward the shrubbery.

"Come on," said Miss Lester, beginning to walk very fast; and Morton came on, as requested. Fast walking is not the most graceful thing in the world, as we who live in this day have ample opportunity for observing; but, on the 31st of December, when the sun is clouded over, and the air decidedly sharp, it is at least a comfortable thing. Miss Lester's cheeks had bright roses in them when at last she came to a halt. "Where has Spitfire gone?" she cried, laughing. "I am afraid we shall have to look for him, without the advantage, which he has, of a nose as a guide."

"This way, I think," said Morton, and he turned down a path that led into the wildest and prettiest part of the grounds. The woods, which had been enclosed here, were left almost entirely as Nature arranged them, excepting that the encumbering undergrowth of the forest had been cleared away, and now and then a rustic seat was placed in some shady nook. In spring, summer, or autumn, a lovelier spot was not to be found within the borders of Lagrange; but it looked cheerless enough on this bleak December day, with the leafless trees stand-

ing out like fine pencil tracery against a dull, gray sky, and the brown earth covered only with dry, fallen leaves.

"I don't think Spitfire came this way," said Miss Lester, a little pettishly, for she did not fancy walking down a steep hill with the assured certainty that she would have to walk up again.

"I am sure he did," said Annesley; "but, if you are tired, we won't go on. No doubt he will bring Miss Tresham to us after a while. Here is a seat—pray sit down."

"No, we might as well go on. There!—is not that Spitfire that I hear?"

It was Spitfire, undoubtedly. From no other canine throat could such a volume of shrill sound have issued—a vehement barking, of the most indignant kind, that was borne with singular distinctness through the still air.

"He can't be attacking Miss Tresham in that way," said Morton, quickly.

"Oh, no," said Spitfire's mistress, with the coolness which characterizes the owners of bad dogs, when those dogs are annoying or terrifying other people within an inch of their lives. "He—he has met somebody else—somebody that he don't know. Let us walk faster," she went on, more eagerly, "or he may be hurt."

"The somebody may be hurt, do you mean?" asked Annesley, as he quickened his pace in accordance with her own. "Surely Spitfire will not really bite?"

"The somebody!" echoed the young lady, with an indignation that startled him. "You don't suppose I am thinking of the somebody—I mean that Spitfire himself may be hurt."

"Oh!" said the gentleman, thus enlightened—then he added, with a smile, "perhaps he may. I would not answer for what I might do under such provocation as that."

"That" was the furious sounds of rage to which Spitfire was giving utterance as they approached. Other sounds were also audible now—Katharine's voice calling him off, and a man's voice angrily bidding him be gone.

"Some one is with Miss Tresham," said Morton, stopping with an instinctive hesitation—an instinctive remembrance of that other meeting of which his mother had spoken two days before.

But he stopped too late. Urged by a fear for Spitfire's safety, Miss Lester rushed eagerly forward, and he could not decline to follow. A few more steps brought them into the little dell, of which mention has before been made, and there the combat was raging hotly—Spitfire barking fiercely, and making frantic dashes at the feet and legs of St. John, the latter defending himself with considerable bravery, and Katharine trying, by alternate persuasion and command, to draw off the assailant.

Upon this scene Miss Lester rushed, just as St. John lost patience, and, stooping, took up a stone. Before he could throw it, his arm was peremptorily caught.

"How dare you!" cried the indignant and breathless owner of Spitfire. "How dare"—a long pant—"dare you throw stones at my dog? I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself—a great big man like you to be afraid of a little dog like that!"

"Excuse me," stammered he, turning round in astonishment, and finding himself in the grasp of a young and pretty woman. "I did not mean to hurt him—but he attacked me without provocation, and"—he added, with a sudden effort to recover the self-possession that had escaped him—"though he be but little, he is fierce. You must confess that."

"How could you let him do it?" said Miss Lester, turning to Katharine, "and when Spitfire—poor, dear fellow—came out to look for you, too! But what is the matter?—are you not well?"

"Yes, I am well," said Katharine, trying to smile—a piteous attempt which touched Annesley—"but first Spitfire, and then you, startled me a little. I was not expecting any one."

"Adela sent us to look for you," said Miss Lester, turning her back on the gentleman, all the more determinedly because she was dying of curiosity to look at him. In her own fashion, she was a girl of very high-minded ideas, though; and she kept her eyes steadily fastened on Katharine's face. "Adela sent us for you. She wants to rehearse the *tableaux*, and you forget that you are Queen Mary and Joan of Arc."

"I did forget it entirely," said Katharine. "I will go back with you at once. Mr."—she paused a moment—"Mr. Johns, perhaps Mr. Annesley will be kind enough to show you the way out of the grounds."

"Certainly," said Mr. Annesley, with a grave bow, "unless you will permit me to suggest the amendment that you introduce me to your friend, and that he will do me the honor to return with us to the house."

Katharine cast a quick look of mingled apprehension and entreaty at St. John before going through the form of introduction, in a voice that was not quite steady. She might have spared herself the apprehension she entertained. St. John was equal to the occasion. He bowed with easy grace, and regretted that he could not accept Mr. Annesley's courteous invitation; then bowed again to the ladies, as Katharine said to Miss Lester, "Shall we return now?"

"With all my heart," the young lady answered. "Here, Spitfire! here pet! I am afraid to leave him there," she went on, as Katharine and herself mounted the hill. "He has evidently taken a great dislike to that gentleman, and, when Spitfire takes a dislike to anybody, he never gets over it. He—your friend—was about to hurt him when I came up."

"I think not," said Katharine. Then she added, suddenly: "Don't call him my friend. I know him, and he chanced to be here and meet me—that is all."

"You know him?" repeated Miss Lester, looking at her. "Excuse me, but you say that as if you did not like him."

"I don't like him."

"Then, if I were you," said the other, with sudden frankness, "I would not meet him in this sort of way. I wouldn't do it for a man I liked, and I am sure I would see a man I didn't like shot ten times over first. Don't think me impertinent, Miss Tresham," she went on, "but I like you, and I thought I would tell you how people consider such things here. You are a stranger, and perhaps don't know our customs. Of course, I shall not gossip about the matter, and, as for Morton Annesley, he is true as steel; but still, if I were you, I wouldn't do it. Are you offended with me?"

"Not in the least," said Katharine, smiling faintly. "You mean kindly, and, therefore, I could not be offended. You simply don't understand."

The last words were uttered so quietly, and with so much unconscious dignity, that they had their effect upon Miss Lester. She hesitated a minute before answering.

"No, I don't understand, of course, and I don't mean to judge either. But I can see how things look, Miss Tresham, and it was of looks that I was speaking."

"Yes, I know," said Katharine, absently.

Meanwhile Morton and the companion who had been presented to him were crossing the grounds to the side-gate through which St. John had entered. A few commonplace remarks about the weather were interchanged as they proceeded; but, when they reached the gate, instead of opening it, Annesley stopped and faced the other.

"Excuse me, Mr. Johns," he said, gravely, "if I ask leave to speak a few words before we part. Of course, I do not know why you preferred to see Miss Tresham in the grounds, but permit me to remind you that the house is only a short distance from the place where I met you, and that any one of Miss Tresham's friends is cordially welcome there."

"It was by Miss Tresham's own request that I met her where I did," answered St. John, coldly. "I will bid you good-morning, with the assurance that I shall not invade your domain again."

"I hope you understand that it was on Miss Tresham's account that I spoke," said Morton, flushing a little.

The other lifted his hat with a courtesy so ceremonious that it had not a little of mockery in it.

"In Miss Tresham's name, allow me to thank you," he answered. "The only thing that puzzles me is the cause of this kind solicitude."

"Miss Tresham is one of my mother's guests," said Annesley, with a good deal of unconscious *hauteur*. He opened the gate, and raised his own hat, as St. John passed through. Nothing more was said on either side. They parted with a couple of stiff bows that would have become a pair of duellists; and, as St. John strode away in the direction of Tallahoma, Annesley went back to the house.

When he entered the hall he was at once waylaid by Mr. Langdon, and marched *solens solens* into the back drawing-room, where a rehearsal was going on.

"No mutiny, young man," said the latter, as Morton tried to get

away on a pretext of business. "I was sent in search of you, and it is as much as my life is worth to go back without you. Queen Adela is *regnant* just now, and she would think nothing of ordering my head to be taken off for disobedience of orders. In with you!"

He gave his captive no time for expostulation, but ushered him straight into the room where the stage of Christmas Eve was again erected. Strangely enough the two women whom Morton had last seen together in the grounds were the first on whom his eye fell as he entered.

They were now confronting each other in tragic attitude—Miss Lester as Queen Elizabeth, Katharine as Queen Mary, in the famous scene from Schiller's "Marie Stuart."

In these days all the world knows that scene, for all the world has seen Ristori act it. But then it was something new, and something for which the world of Lagrange was indebted to Morton Annesley. He, knowing and admiring Schiller with all the enthusiasm of a German student, had suggested the picture, and given his opinion concerning a proper selection of the characters.

"Maggie Lester would do for an immensely-flattered Queen Elizabeth," he said, laughing. "She can't deny that her hair is red. And, if you were to put a Marie-Stuart coil and curls on Miss Tresham, I am sure she would look like the Queen of Scots. The color of her hair and the cast of her features are not unlike the portraits of the royal beauty."

When he came in just now poor Queen Mary was thinking of any thing else but her cowering rival or her deadly wrongs. She saw him enter, and, though she could not turn her head, she shot a wistful glance out of the corners of her eyes which Mrs. French caught as well as himself.

This astute lady had made nothing of Maggie Lester's reserve and self-possession. But a look at her brother's face told her all that she wanted to know.

"He has seen him!" she thought; and the knowledge acted on her like a stimulant, enlivening her spirits as if by magic.

After that the *tableaux* went on bravely, for everybody was held well in hand by their fair ruler, and nobody ventured on any open signs of weariness or dissatisfaction.

It was not until the rehearsal ended, and most of the company had dispersed to dress for dinner, that Katharine found an opportunity of speaking to Morton. He was standing near the stage, directing the servants, who were arranging some of the decorations, when she walked up to him.

"Mr. Annesley," she said, hurriedly, "I should like to speak to you. I have something to say to you. May I say it now?"

"Certainly," he answered, turning at the first sound of her voice. "Shall we go into the library?"

"No, it is only a few words. If you will come here—"

She walked away, and he followed her. Every one, excepting the servants, had now left the room. On one side was a bay-window, and into this Katharine went.

"It is only a few words," she repeated, as Annesley followed her; "but I should not like for any one to hear them."

"There is no danger of any one's doing so here," he answered.

Then he was silent, waiting for her to speak. After a minute she began, with a nervous haste of manner that had grown habitual with her of late.

"It is not about myself, Mr. Annesley. It is about Mrs. Gordon. I know that you are much attached to her, and—and I thought I would tell you, so that perhaps you might be of service to her. She is threatened, if not with danger, at least with serious annoyance."

Now, this was the last sort of communication which Morton could possibly have expected to hear, and the surprise which he naturally felt showed itself at once in his face and manner.

"Mrs. Gordon threatened with serious annoyance!" he repeated, with a start. "Pardon me, but you must be mistaken. There is no one who would dare—"

"There is some one who has the right to dare," she interposed, hastily. "Believe me, I know what I am saying. She is certainly threatened with very serious annoyance and distress."

A sudden dark flush rose over his face, and he frowned as Katharine had never seen him frown before. She recognized then what many other people had recognized before, that to touch Mrs. Gordon was to assail him in one of his most sensitive points.

"By whom, and in what way?" he asked.

"I ca
not mine
and I can
she will
with tear
could hel

"I wi
go at on

"At o
He mo

"Miss
yourself?

She ku
confidenc

mornin
haps a las
that much

"Noth
"I am

Then,
walked aw

In the
"Whe

his glove
dinner is n

"I sha
gies, if yo
away."

"Why,
"I wil
now."

"But,
She spo

the door h
not long a
away in th

It was
sun of the

to rest in
derim befor

he noticed
the fact pu

body ever c
have thoug

the rememb
an uncomf

as he appro
with sorrow

"What
and took hi

you had be

"Mar's
which indic

of visage.

"Felix!
enough in

mean that b

"Oh, no
and took hi

minutes bef

"Did hi

"No, sir

"Very w

He walk

who was we

"What i

"Where has

"The Le
fully. "Mis

asked anybo
and took hi

didn't want
would almos

"I am g

"I cannot tell you that. I would if it were my secret; but it is not mine—it is Mrs. Gordon's. It came to my knowledge accidentally, and I cannot repeat it. Go to her, and, if she wishes you to serve her, she will tell you herself. I—I am very sorry for her," said the girl, with tears coming into her eyes. "She has a hard lot. I wish I could help her. Perhaps you can, Mr. Annesley—you are a man."

"I will try, at least," he said. "Shall I—would you advise me to go at once?"

"At once."

He moved away a few steps, turned abruptly, and came back.

"Miss Tresham," he said, quickly, "is there nothing I can do for yourself?"

She knew what he meant. She knew that he would not ask her confidence, or seem to request an explanation of the events of that morning. But she also knew that he gave her an opportunity—perhaps a last one—to right herself in his eyes. Some instinct told her that much hung on her reply, and she gave a slight gasp over it.

"Nothing, Mr. Annesley."

"I am sorry for that," he said.

Then, as if afraid to trust himself to speak another word, he walked away.

In the hall he met his mother.

"Where are you going, Morton?" she asked, as she saw him take his gloves and riding-whip from the stand. "Don't you know that dinner is nearly ready?"

"I shall not be back to dinner," he answered. "Make my apologies, if you please, mother, and say that important business called me away."

"Why, where are you going?"

"I will tell you when I come back. I have not time to talk now."

"But, Morton—"

She spoke in vain. Morton was gone. When she followed him to the door he was walking rapidly in the direction of the stables, and, not long afterward, she saw him, from her chamber window, canter away in the direction of Tallahoma.

It was not to Tallahoma that he was bound, however. The last sun of the Old Year had given a few golden gleams, and was sinking to rest in a bed of soft, violet cloud, when he dismounted from Il-derim before the door of Morton House. Rapidly as he had ridden, he noticed along the avenue the fresh track of carriage-wheels, and the fact puzzled him a little. Mrs. Gordon never left home, and nobody ever came to the house. At an ordinary time he might merely have thought that one of these rules had been broken; but now, with the remembrance of Katharine's vague warning in his mind, he felt an uncomfortable foreboding of ill. This foreboding was increased as he approached the terrace and saw a group of negroes loitering with sorrowful faces around the steps.

"What is the matter?" he asked, as one of them came forward and took his horse. "Has any thing happened that you all look as if you had been to a funeral?"

"Mar's Felix is gone, sir," answered the boy addressed, in a tone which indicated that he thought this a sufficient reason for any length of visage.

"Felix!—gone!—" Annesley repeated. A sudden fear, common enough in that country and at that time, startled him. "Do you mean that he is lost?"

"Oh, no, sir," answered the boy, quickly. "Mr. Warwick came and took him away in a carriage. They hadn't left more'n a few minutes before you got here, sir."

"Did his mother—did your mistress go too?"

"No, sir—she's in the house."

"Very well. Keep my horse here. I shall be back directly."

He walked hastily to the house, and on the portico met Harrison, who was wearing a most lugubrious face.

"What is the meaning of this, Harrison?" Morton asked, quickly.

"Where has Felix gone?—and why has he been sent away?"

"The Lord only knows, Mass Morton," said the old man, dolefully. "Miss Pauline and Mr. Warwick done it. I don't think they asked anybody's advice, sir—they just packed up Mass Felix's clothes, and took him right away. It was hard on the poor child, sir, for he didn't want to go; and if you could a-heard him a-crying, sir, it would almost a-broke your heart."

"I am glad I didn't hear him then," said Morton, who saw plain-

ly that the whole feeling of the household was ranged on Felix's side. "But his mother must have had some good reason for sending him away. Where is she?"

"In her own room, Mass Morton," answered Harrison, following the young man into the house. "You better go into the drawing-room, sir, and I'll ask if Miss Pauline can see you. I don't mean to blame Miss Pauline," he added, with an air of severe justice. "To be sure she must a had her reasons unbeknownst to the rest of us. But it was hard on Mass Felix—and him so young."

"A great many things are hard," said Morton, "but they must be done. Send Babette to ask my cousin if she will see me."

In a few minutes, Babette entered the room, and said that Mrs. Gordon would see him. The Frenchwoman's eyes were red with weeping, and her face was sadly swollen from the same cause. Morton felt sorry for her, and said so—at which she startled him by a fresh burst of tears.

"Ah, madame—poor madame!" cried she. "M'sieur, comfort her, if you can. She is heart-broken—she will die of grief, if she is not comforted."

"I will do my best," said he; "but if Felix is gone, I fear that will not be much. Cheer up, Babette! Surely he will be back before long."

"Le bon Dieu only knows," answered Babette. And, as he crossed the hall, he heard her sobbing behind him.

Poor Morton! There is no exaggeration in saying that he would sooner have faced any danger which could possibly be imagined, than the scene which fancy painted as awaiting him in Mrs. Gordon's room. The sobs, the tears—Babette's noisy grief was, of course, only a faint shadow of what the bereaved mother must feel. He set his teeth, as he laid his hand on the door-knob—then turned it, and entered.

All was quiet within. On the hearth the fire burned, outside the windows, a soft, sad requiem of the dying year was moaning through the tall trees; but no human sob or sigh was borne to Annesley's ear. A figure clad in black sat on one side of the fireplace, and held out her hand as he advanced.

"Come in," said Mrs. Gordon, quietly. "You are very welcome. Is it not cold? Draw nearer the fire. Well"—with a faint, mournful smile—"have you heard the news? I am desolate."

"I have heard it," he answered.

He could say no more; for, although he ought to have been relieved, he was, in truth, more deeply affected by her quietude than he could have been by any vehement outburst whatever. The hopeless accent of the last words went straight to his heart, and touched it more than tears could have done. He said nothing; but he kept her hand tightly clasped in his for several minutes.

"I see you feel for me," she said—"you do not think it is foolish to mind it so."

"No words can say how much I feel for you," he answered.

"It might be foolish, perhaps," she went on, "if he was not my all. But he is, you know—literally every thing that I have on earth."

"But surely you have not sent him far—surely he will not be gone long?" said Morton, unable to contain his surprise.

"I do not know where he has gone," she answered, in the same quiet, hopeless tone; "and I do not know when I shall see him again—perhaps never."

Annesley said, "Good Heavens!"—and then he stopped. A sudden remembrance of Katharine's words and looks came to him. "It is Mrs. Gordon's secret," she had said. "If she wishes you to serve her, she will tell it to you." Here was the secret staring him in the face; and evidently it had been told not to him, but to John Warwick. For a moment, he felt wounded—more deeply wounded than it is possible to describe; but, almost immediately, cooler reason and better feeling triumphed.

"Whatever you have done, I am sure you have done well," he said, in his kind, loyal voice. "Whatever is to be borne, I am sure you will bear well. This is no time for reproaches, but I cannot help asking you why you forgot that I am your kinsman, and ready to do any service for you."

"I did not forget it," said she, holding out again the hand he had relinquished. "Morton, don't reproach me—for that is reproach. After Felix, there is no one so near my heart as you are—both for your own and your father's sake. If I did not ask this service of you, it was only because you were not in a position to render it. Circumstances made it necessary that Felix should be taken away—

far away, where even I might not know where he is—and you had not the requisite time for this.”

“I would have taken the time.”

“I don’t doubt that—but I could not ask it. Besides, I went to John Warwick, as a lawyer, and he advised me as a lawyer, before he served me as a friend.”

“I could not have advised you, perhaps; but I would have served you against any thing—or anybody.”

“There are some things one can only fight with cunning, not with force,” said she—adding, after a moment, “I will tell you every thing if you will remember that I tell it only to you—not to Lagrange, or to anybody in Lagrange. Yet that is a foolish remnant of the old pride, for everybody will know it soon.”

“Consult your own feelings, not mine,” said he. “If it is painful to you to speak, don’t do it. I will serve you ignorantly as readily as with knowledge. Don’t—don’t distress yourself.”

“You deserve confidence from me,” said she, “and you shall have it.”

Then, as if it were a relief—and, indeed, after a fashion, it was a relief—she began and poured forth her pitiful story, going far more into detail than she had done in speaking to John Warwick, and eliciting far more of warm, outspoken sympathy. What the lawyer felt he had shown in deeds, not words; what Morton felt burst forth in eager language, though it would have been equally ready to prove itself by acts. The difference was less in the different natures of the two men than in their different ages.

As Mrs. Gordon went on, Morton’s interest grew warmer, until suddenly there came a cold chill. It would be hard to say what the young man felt when she first spoke of St. John, and an instinct—a sharp convulsion at his heart—told him that this St. John was one and the same with the “Mr. Johns” whom Katharine Tresham had that morning asked him to show out of the grounds of Annesdale. Then, the warning she had given him, the knowledge which she possessed of this carefully-guarded secret—he grew suddenly faint and sick, and turned so pale that Mrs. Gordon noticed it.

“What is the matter?” she asked. “You are thinking of something besides me.”

“I am thinking of this St. John,” he answered. “Don’t you think that he may have come here accidentally—not in search of you, after all?”

“Babette thinks so; but I cannot believe it. However much he may pretend otherwise, I am sure he came here in search of me.”

“But how did he know that you were here?”

“I cannot tell that.”

Morton said no more. He would have cut out his tongue sooner than mention Katharine’s name in the matter; and, although he did not know it, Mr. Warwick had been equally discreet. Mrs. Gordon had not a suspicion that St. John was connected with any one in Lagrange besides herself. Different as the two men were, they had something in common, which they proved by this reticence. Morton was right when he once told Felix that the grand test of a gentleman is the capability of being trusted; and he might have added that it is not only the capability of being loyal to a trust which has been solemnly and explicitly given, but it is also to be found in that fine sense of honor which can appreciate tacit confidence, and respect the secret for which no secrecy has been asked.

When Annesley rode away from Morton House, the last day of the Old Year had died the death common to all things mortal. The last gleam of light had faded in the west; the night hung over all things with its sombre mantle; the stars gleamed with an uncertain fitfulness through a curtain of misty cloud; and even the lights from the wayside houses looked, to the young man’s fancy, more dull and red than cheery and bright. As he rode forward, his heart was strangely heavy, his mind strangely disturbed, and, in a sort of accompaniment to the thoughts that tormented him, a certain verse of a poem he had seen shortly before kept running through his brain. Almost unconsciously, as he looked at the great hosts of Night that were marching steadily forward to the death-bed of the Old Year, he caught himself repeating:

“He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true true-love,
And the New Year will take them away.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAURELLA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HETZER.

THE sun has not yet risen above the horizon. Over Vesuvius there hangs a broad, gray stratum of fog, that stretches across as far as Naples, and obscures the small towns scattered along the shore. The sea is calm. At the mouth of a small creek, in a little harbor enclosed by the Sorrento Cliffs, fishermen and their wives are already at work drawing their skiffs to land, with the nets that have been set during the night. Others are occupied getting their boats ready for sea—setting their sails, shipping their rudders, and bringing oars and tackle from the grated vaults, built in the cliffs for the protection of their property at night. There are no idlers; even the aged, who no longer go out to sea, fall into the line, and help to draw the nets to shore. Here and there may be seen an old woman, spinning on the flat house-tops, or busy with her grandchildren, while their mother assists her husband.

“Do you see, Rachel?—there is our good Padre Curato,” said one of the old women to a child of ten years that stood beside her. “See—he is just getting into Antonio’s boat to be rowed over to Capri. Maria Santissima! but how sleepy the reverend signor looks!” And she waved her hand to a benevolent-looking little priest, who was making himself comfortable in a row-boat that lay at the mouth of the creek. The others on the shore stopped work to see their pastor start off, an attention to which he responded by many a kindly nod.

“Why must he go to Capri, grandmother?” asked the child. “Have the people over there no pastor, that they must borrow ours?”

“Don’t be so foolish!” chid the old woman; “they have priests enough, and the most beautiful churches, and even a hermit, which we have not. But there is a great signora over there, who used to live here in Sorrento, where she was once so ill that our padre had to go to her very often, for they thought every day would be her last; and still, thanks to the Holy Virgin, she got quite well, and was able to bathe in the sea again. When she went over to Capri, she gave a big pile of ducats to the Church and the poor; and she did not want to go, they say, until our padre promised to go over there, that she might confess to him as before. It is wonderful how much she thinks of him. We may be very proud to have a curate who has learning enough for a bishop, and is so beloved by all the great folks. May the Holy Virgin have him in her keeping!” she exclaimed, and waved her hand to the little boat as it was about to put from shore.

“Shall we have clear weather, my son?” asked the little priest, with a doubtful look toward Naples.

“When the sun rises, that little cloud of fog will soon disappear,” replied the young boatman.

“Well, then, let us be off, so that we may get over before it gets hot.”

Antonio picked up an oar, and was about to push off the boat, when he paused suddenly, and fixed his eyes on the steep path that leads down from the Sorrento Cliffs to the water.

A lithe female figure was visible at the summit of the heights; she waved her handkerchief, and was making all possible haste to descend the stony path. Under her arm she carried a small bundle, and her dress was of the plainest description. Still there was an almost distinguished air about the girl, and that, too, in spite of a wild, defiant way she had of carrying her head, which was adorned with a profusion of dark tresses that she wore tastefully wound round her forehead like a diadem.

“What are you waiting for?” inquired the curate.

“There is some one coming up there that wants to go to Capri—with your permission, padre. We shall not go any slower; for it’s only a slight young girl, scarcely eighteen.”

At this moment the girl appeared from behind the wall that borders the winding path.

“Laurella!” cried the padre. “What has she to do over in Capri?”

Antonio replied with a shrug. The girl, without looking to the right or the left, hastened toward the boat.

“Good-morning, la Rabbia!” shouted several of the young boatmen. They doubtless would have added more, but for the presence of the curate; for the silent defiance with which the girl received their salutations seemed to tempt the more wanton of them.

“God

with us

“If I

“Ask

least, he

“The

young

“You

pushing

sell them

for its nu

“I wi

eyebrow.

“Com

and will n

he reache

has spread

take so m

one little

of us reve

throughou

Laurel

beside th

saying th

pushed vig

“What

rowed on

rising sun.

“Some

to sell the

other.”

“Is it

“Yes,

“If I

bons?”

“Yes;

her alone,

selves.”

“She is

she was be

“She is

and the es

bed.”

“Do no

tercede for

be heard.—

“Good-mor

pause. “V

Christian g

Laurella

“They

and gossip

I never inte

“But yo

and sing on

who are mo

She loo

though she

while they r

above the m

the clouds t

the white co

“Have

mean the N

curate.

She sho

“Why d

“What

and, then, w

have bewitc

“You m

riously. “

knowledge n

weak mortal

"Good-morning, Laurella!" greeted the priest. "Are you going with us to Capri?"

"If I am allowed to, padre."

"Ask Antonio; he is master here. Every man is master—at least, he should be—of his own, as God is the master of us all."

"There is half a carline," said Laurella, without looking at the young boatman—"if I may go for that."

"You have more use for it than I have," muttered the young man, pushing aside some baskets of oranges to make room. He was to sell them in Capri, for the little rocky island does not grow enough for its numerous visitors.

"I will not go for nothing," answered the girl, wrinkling her dark eyebrows.

"Come, come, child," interposed the curate; "he is a good lad, and will not enrich himself from your poverty. Come, step in"—and he reached her his hand—"and sit down here by me. See there! he has spread out his jacket to make a soft seat for you. He did not take so much trouble for me. The young fellows are all alike: for one little maiden they will put themselves out more than for a dozen of us reverend fathers.—Nay, you need not excuse yourself, Tonino—throughout all Nature, like seeks like."

Laurella meanwhile had stepped into the boat, and seated herself beside the padre—first, however, pushing the jacket aside without saying a word. Antonio let it lie, and, muttering something, he pushed vigorously against the pier. The boat sped out into the bay.

"What have you in your bundle?" asked the padre, as they rowed on over the calm sea, that was beginning to be lighted by the rising sun.

"Some silk, some yarn, and a loaf of bread, padre. I am going to sell the silk to a woman who makes ribbons, and the yarn to another."

"Is it of your own spinning?"

"Yes, padre."

"If I remember rightly, you have also learned to weave ribbons?"

"Yes; but mother is so much worse lately that I cannot leave her alone, and we are not able, you know, to buy a loom for ourselves."

"She is worse? I am sorry to hear it. When I called at Easter, she was better than usual."

"She is always worse in the spring; and, since the severe storms and the earthquakes we have had, she has been confined to her bed."

"Do not neglect to pray, my child, that the Holy Virgin may intercede for you. And be good and industrious, that your prayers may be heard.—When you were coming toward the boat, they called out, 'Good-morning, la Rabbia!' to you," continued the curate, after a pause. "Why do they call you so? It is not a nice name for a Christian girl, who should be gentle and humble."

Laurella's olive face became crimson, and her eyes flashed fire.

"They are always jeering at me, because I do not dance and sing and gossip with them. I think they might let me go my way in peace. I never interfere with them."

"But you should be friendly toward every one. Let those dance and sing on whom life sits lighter. A kind word becomes those even who are most sorely tried."

She looked down and drew her eyebrows nearer together, as though she would hide her large dark eyes beneath them. For a while they rowed on in silence. The sun had now risen resplendent above the mountains. The summit of Vesuvius still towered above the clouds that hung around its base, and on the plains of Sorrento the white cottages gleamed amid the verdant orange-groves.

"Have you heard nothing more from the painter, Laurella—I mean the Neapolitan who wanted you to be his wife?" asked the curate.

She shook her head.

"Why did you refuse him when he came to paint your portrait?"

"What did he want of it? There are prettier girls than I am; and, then, who knows what he would have done with it? He might have bewitched me with it, mother said."

"You must not believe such foolish things," said the padre, seriously. "Are you not always in God's keeping, without whose knowledge not one hair of your head can fall? And shall a poor, weak mortal, with such a picture in his hand, prevail against the

Lord? Besides, you might have seen that he wished you well. Would he otherwise have wished to marry you?"

She was silent.

"Why did you refuse him? He was a worthy young man, they say, and handsome and talented, too. He would have provided for you and your invalid mother far better than your spinning will ever provide for you."

"We are so poor, and mother will probably never be much better!" said she, feelingly. "We should only have been a burden to him, and then I should never do for a signora. When his friends came to see him, he would have been ashamed of me."

"What nonsense you do talk, my child! I tell you the man meant well with you. What better proof could you have had than his offer to come and live in Sorrento?"

"I want no husband—never shall!" said she, obstinately, half to herself.

"Is this a vow you have made, or do you think of becoming a nun?"

She shook her head.

"The people who accuse you of being obstinate are, I fear, not altogether wrong. Do you ever reflect that you are alone in the world, and that your perverseness must still further embitter the life of your sick mother? And what good reason have you for refusing a loving hand that would find its greatest happiness in aiding you in your necessities? Tell me, my daughter."

"I have a reason—a good reason, I think—but I had rather not tell what it is," said she, in a low, hesitating tone.

"Not tell what it is! Not to me, your confessor? Am I not your friend?"

Laurella nodded an affirmative.

"Then, child, unburden your heart. If you are right, you may be sure I shall be one of the first to uphold you; but you are young, and know little of the world. The time may come when you will regret having allowed some girlish fancy to stand in the way of your happiness."

She glanced modestly at the young man, who sat at the other end of the boat rowing away vigorously, his woollen cap pulled down over his eyes. He gazed into the distance, and seemed to be absorbed in his own meditations. Her glance did not escape the padre's notice, and he leaned his head closer.

"You did not know my father," she whispered, and a frown clouded her handsome features.

"Your father? He died when you were scarcely ten years old, I think. What can your father have to do with your present perversity?"

"You did not know father. You do not know that he alone was the cause of my mother's illness."

"How so?"

"He misused her, beat her, trampled upon her. How well I remember the nights when he came home in fits of frenzy—when nothing did or could please him! She never said a word, and always did all he bade her, and yet he would beat her till I thought my heart would break. At such times I used to draw the covering over my head and pretend to be asleep, but I cried all night; and then, when he saw her lying on the floor, he would suddenly become compassionate, and raise her up, and almost smother her with kisses. Mother forbade my ever telling of this, but it so injured her constitution that, during all these long years since father died, she has been an invalid. And should she soon die—which may Heaven forbid!—I shall know what it was that killed her."

The little curate shook his head thoughtfully, and seemed undecided what reply he should make. After a pause, he said:

"But you must forgive him, my daughter, as your mother has forgiven him. Let us hope that there are happier days in store for you than you have ever known! You should try to forget these sad scenes."

"Forget them! I never can," said she, with a shudder. "This is the reason, padre, why I am resolved never to marry; I will not be subject to a man who might misuse me. Were a man to want to beat or to kiss me now, I would defend myself, but mother could not, because she loved my father, unkind as he was to her. Now, I will never love any man so as to tamely suffer him to abuse me and to be made ill by him."

"You are a child, and you talk like a child that knows noth-

ing of life. Are all men like your poor father, who, it seems, had never learned to curb his temper, and ill-treated your mother? Do you not see kind and just men enough in the neighborhood—men with whom their wives are happy and contented?"

"But no one knew how my father treated my mother. She would have died sooner than complain, and all because she loved him. If this is love—if love closes our lips when we should cry out for help—if it makes us meekly suffer wrongs greater even than our worst enemy could do us, then I say I want nothing to do with love."

"I tell you that you are a child, and know nothing of such matters. When the time comes, your heart will not ask your little obstinate head whether it shall love or not—then all your resolutions will be of little avail." After a pause, he continued: "And the painter—did you fear that he would be unkind to you?"

"He looked sometimes just as my father used to look when he took my mother in his arms and begged her pardon. I know those eyes; they are no proof that a man will not beat his wife, although she may be a saint or an angel. It always makes my flesh crawl to see such eyes."

The curate thought of more than one wise saying with which he might have admonished the girl, but he was silent on account of the young boatman, who began to be more inclined to listen to what passed between his passengers.

After two hours' rowing they reached the little port of Capri. Antonio took the padre in his arms and carried him through the shallow water of the landing to the shore; but, before he could return for Laurella, she followed them, holding up her scanty skirts with one hand, and carrying her bundle and her wooden shoes with the other.

"I shall remain some time in Capri," said the curate. "You need not wait. I may not return till to-morrow. When you get home, Laurella, remember me to your mother. I will come to see you in the course of the week. You mean to go back, I suppose, before dark?"

"If I get an opportunity," answered Laurella, busying herself with adjusting her dress.

"You know that I, too, must be back in good season," said Antonio, in what he thought was a tone of great indifference. "I will wait for you till Ave Maria; if you are not here by that time, I shall go without you."

"You must try to be here in time," said the little padre. "It would never do for you to leave your mother alone all night. Is it far you have to go?"

"To a vineyard near Anacapri."

"I go in the direction of Capri. God bless you, my daughter, and you, my son."

Laurella kissed his hand, and said one good-by to be divided between the padre and Antonio. The latter, however, seemed little inclined to appropriate his share; he raised his cap to the padre, but did not even look Laurella's way.

But, after they had turned their backs, he let his eyes follow the padre only a short distance, as he tolled over the deep bed of small loose stones; he soon turned them toward Laurella, who had gone to the right, and now began to ascend the heights, holding one hand over her eyes to protect them from the burning sun.

Toward the summit, where the path disappeared behind a wall, she paused, as if to take breath and look around. The rugged rocks rose high around her, below lay the little harbor, while beyond shone the sea in all the splendor of its deepest blue. The scene would well repay a moment's pause. It happened that, in glancing past Antonio's boat, she caught his eye. They both started, as people do who would excuse themselves for some inadvertency, and then Laurella, with one of her darkest frowns, went her way.

It was only an hour after mid-day, and yet Antonio had already been sitting full two hours on the bench in front of the Fishermen's Tavern. He must have been anxiously waiting for some one, for every few minutes he would jump up and go out into the sun to look up the two roads which, parting right and left, led to the two little towns on the island. He did not altogether like the appearance of the weather, he said to the hostess of the little tavern. True it was clear enough, but the peculiar tint of the heavens and the sea was ominous.

It looked just so, he said, before the last great storm, when he had

such difficulty in reaching land with the English family. "You must remember it," he added.

No, she did not, replied the woman.

"Well, if the weather changes before night, you will remember me," said he.

"Have you many fine folk over at Sorrento?" she asked, after a pause.

"They are only beginning to come. The season has been very dull thus far. Those who came to bathe came late."

"It was such a late spring! Have you not been making more than we here at Capri?"

"I should not have made enough to give me macaroni twice a week," replied Antonio, "if I had depended wholly on the boat. Now and then a letter to carry to Naples, or a gentleman to row out fishing, that was all. But you know I have a rich old uncle, who owns more than one fine orange-grove. 'Tonino,' says he, 'so long as I live you shall not want, and at my death you will find I have provided for you.' So, with God's help, I managed to get through the winter very comfortably."

"Has your uncle any children?"

"No, he has never been married. He lived long in foreign parts, where he laid aside many a good piastre. He is about to start a large fishery, and is going to put me in charge of it."

"Why, then you are a made man, Antonio."

The young boatman shrugged his shoulders.

"Every man has his own burden to carry," said he.

Again he went out and looked anxiously right and left, although he must have known that there was but one weather side.

"I will bring you another bottle," said the hostess. "Your uncle can afford to pay for it."

"Only one glass more. Your Capri wine is too fiery. My head is hot already."

"It does not heat the blood. You can drink as much as you like of it. And here comes my husband; you must sit a while and chat with him."

And, sure enough, there came the stalwart host of the little tavern, with his fish-net over his shoulder, and his red cap pulled down low over his curly head. He had been to carry some fish to the great lady whom the little Sorrento curate had gone to visit. When he saw the young boatman he waved him a welcome. Then, after throwing his net aside, he came and sat beside him on the bench. Just as the hostess appeared with a second bottle of genuine Capri, Laurella came down the road from Anacapri. She nodded modestly, and then stopped, apparently embarrassed.

Antonio sprang to his feet.

"I must go," said he; "this is a young girl from Sorrento who came over with the Signor Curato this morning. She must be home with her sick mother before night."

"Well, it's a long time yet till night," interposed the host. "She will have time to drink a glass of wine with us.—Ho, wife, bring another glass!"

"I thank you, I do not care for any," said Laurella, and remained standing at a distance.

"Fill her glass, wife, fill her glass; she must drink with us!"

"Don't urge her," interposed Antonio. "She has a head of her own; a saint could not persuade her to do what she does not want to do." And, taking a hasty leave, he ran down to his boat, loosened the painter, and stood waiting for Laurella, who nodded a good-by to the hostess, and followed with ill-concealed reluctance. She looked around as though she hoped to see some other passenger, but the strand was deserted. The fishermen were asleep, or were rowing about the shore with their rods and nets, a few women and children sat before the doors of the cottages either asleep or spinning, and such strangers as had come over to the island in the morning were waiting for the cool of the evening to return. She had little time to look about, for, before she could remonstrate, Antonio had taken her in his arms, and carried her through the shallow water to the boat, as though she had been a child. Then he leaped in after her, and with a stroke or two of his oars they were in the open bay.

She seated herself in the bow of the boat, and turned partially from him so that he could see only her profile. Her face wore a more determined look than usual—the lips were firmly closed, and around her delicate nostrils there played a defiant expression, that harmonized admirably with the almost wild gleam of her eyes. After they had gone

on for
she un
began
for a C
This
of the c
and said
"He
saved th
when I
"Ea
"Th
"I d
that ref
"As
the bask
Agal
even a r
nest am
search o
"Yo
Antonio
"W
"Ta
"She
"Bu
"I d
This
him. A
some fri
game L
beauty,
the way
ankles,
reveries
stalwart
him with
go his w
subject
to Laure
painter,
courteou
rise had
when she
And
mies, wh
natured
the boat
mutterin
putting
boat and
handker
been al
was in v
hands.
They
hind the
haze. M
was then
strike A
became
involunt
"I n
"It has
now. Y
long is i
heart ful
do you a
"Wh
seen tha
ple any
a husban
"No

on for some time in silence, feeling the sun uncomfortably warm, she undid her bundle, threw the handkerchief over her head, and began to make her dinner of the bread she had brought from home, for at Capri she had eaten nothing.

This was soon too much for Antonio. He brought out a couple of the oranges with which his baskets had been filled in the morning, and said:

"Here, eat these with your bread, Laurella; you needn't think I saved them for you. They fell out of the baskets, and I found them when I returned to the boat."

"Eat them yourself; dry bread will do very well for me."

"They will refresh you after your long walk in the hot sun."

"I drank a glass of water just before I came down to the shore—that refreshed me enough."

"As you please," said he; and he threw the oranges into one of the baskets.

Again they were silent. The bay was as smooth as a mirror, not even a ripple was heard under the prow; even the white sea-birds, that nest among the rocks along the shore, flew noiselessly to and fro in search of prey.

"You might take the oranges home to your mother," recommenced Antonio.

"We have plenty, and when they are gone I can buy more."

"Take them to her with my compliments."

"She does not know you."

"But you can tell her who I am."

"I do not know you either."

This was not the first time she had disclaimed acquaintance with him. About a year previously, just after the Neapolitan painter came to Sorrento, Antonio chanced one Sunday to be playing bocce with some friends, in a little square near the principal street. During the game Laurella passed, as did the Neapolitan, who, struck by her beauty, stopped to gaze after her, unmindful that he was standing in the way of the players. Suddenly there came a swift ball against his ankles, as a reminder that he should choose some other spot for his reveries. He looked round as though he expected an apology; but the stalwart young boatman, who had thrown the ball, fixed his eyes upon him with such a defiant mien, that the stranger deemed it prudent to go his way and avoid an altercation. Still the incident was made the subject of remark, especially at the time the painter pressed his suit to Laurella. "I do not know him," said she, indignantly to the painter, when he asked her if she refused him on account of the discourteous boatman. And yet the gossip to which the incident gave rise had reached her ears, and she had known Antonio well enough when she had met him.

And now they sat together in the boat like the bitterest of enemies, while both their hearts beat furiously. Antonio's usually good-natured face was scarlet; he rowed so wildly as to throw the water into the boat, and every now and then his lips moved as though he was muttering angry words. Laurella pretended not to notice him, and, putting on her most unconscious look, she leaned over the side of the boat and let the water ripple between her fingers. Then she took the handkerchief off her head and arranged her hair, as though she had been alone. She could not control her eyebrows, however, and it was in vain that she tried to cool her burning cheeks with her wet hands.

They were now well out in the open sea. The island was far behind them, and the coast ahead of them lay equally distant in the hot haze. Not a sail was to be seen near or far; not even a passing gull was there to break the monotony of the scene. A thought seemed to strike Antonio, and he suddenly looked anxiously around. His face became pale, and he let go of his oars. Laurella looked toward him involuntarily—fearless, yet attentive.

"I must put an end to this," he began, breaking silence at last; "it has already lasted too long. I wonder it has not killed me before now. You do not know me, you say? Not know me! And how long is it now that you have seen me pass you like a madman, my heart full of what I had to say to you? If you do not know me, why do you always turn your back and frown when we meet?"

"What have I had to say to you?" she asked. "True, I have seen that you put yourself in my way; but I don't mean to give people any thing to gossip about, if I can help it. I do not want you for a husband—no, neither you nor any one else!"

"Nor any one else? You will not always say so. You say so

now because you refused that painter. Bah! you were only a child then. The time will come when you will feel lonesome enough; then you will be glad to accept the first one who comes."

"No one knows what changes even a day may make. It may be that I shall change my mind. Who knows? But whether I do or do not, what is it to you?"

"What is it to me?" he cried, and sprang to his feet so violently that he came near capsizing the boat. "What is it to me, you ask, when you know very well how I feel toward you?"

"Have I ever promised myself to you? Am I to blame for your folly? What right have you to me?"

"Oh, my right is not written down anywhere, I grant you," he cried; "but, for all that, I know that I have the same right to you that I shall have to heaven, if I live an honest Christian life. Do you think I will see you go to the altar with another, and then afterward see myself the sport of all the girls and fellows in Sorrento?"

"You can do what you please, but you need not think I can be frightened by your threats."

"You will not say so long," said he, and his whole frame trembled with excitement. "I am no milksop to allow my whole life to be wrecked by a stubborn girl like you. Do you know that I have you now in my power?"

She started slightly at the thought, but, quickly recovering her self-possession, she fixed her eyes on him defiantly.

"Very well, you can kill me if you will," said she, calmly.

"I do nothing by halves," said he, in a low, intense tone. "There is room for us both in the sea. I must, I must, my child!" He spoke in a dreamy, compassionate tone. "We must both go down together, both at once, and now too!" he cried, frantically, and seized her in his arms; but he instantly drew back his right hand. It bled profusely from a wound inflicted by her teeth.

"Ha, am I in your power? You can do with me as you please, can you?" she cried, and, pushing him energetically away, she plunged into the water and disappeared beneath the surface. She rose, however, almost immediately. Her skirts clung close to her symmetric figure, and her long hair, loosened by the water, hung heavily about her shoulders. As she came up, without uttering a word, she began to swim steadily toward the shore. Fright seemed for a moment to have robbed him of his senses. He stood up in the boat and gazed at the swimming girl like one petrified with astonishment; then, recovering self-command, he seized his oars, and, in spite of his wound, which bled profusely, he rowed vigorously after her. In a moment, rapidly as she swam, he was at her side.

"For Heaven's sake," he cried, "get into the boat!—I was mad—God only knows what came over me—I knew not what I did! I do not even ask you to forgive me: I ask only that you get into the boat, and do not expose your life!"

She swam on as though she did not hear him.

"You can never swim to the shore; it is full two miles. Think of your mother! If you should be drowned, she would die of grief."

She measured the distance from the coast with her eye, and then, without making any reply, she swam up to the boat and caught hold of its side. As he rose to aid her, the list her weight gave to the boat, caused his jacket, which was lying on one of the thwarts, to slide into the water. Before he could render her any assistance, she was in her former place. Seeing that she was safe, he quickly took to his oars again, while she began to wring out her dripping clothes and hair. As her eyes fell on the bottom of the boat, and saw it covered with blood, she glanced quickly at his hand, which held the oar as though it had been unhurt. "Here, take this," said she, holding out her handkerchief. He shook his head, and went on rowing. She hesitated a moment, then rose and bound the handkerchief carefully around the wounded hand. This done, she took one of the oars, and, in spite of his endeavors to prevent her, she seated herself on the thwart behind him, and began to row with steady and vigorous strokes.

They were both pale and silent.

As they approached the shore, they met numerous fishermen coming out to set their nets for the night. They shouted to Antonio, and bantered Laurella, but neither of them made any reply, or ceased for a moment to ply their oars.

The sun still stood high over Procida when they reached the mouth of the creek. Laurella shook out her skirts—now nearly dry—and

sprang to the shore. The old woman who saw them start in the morning was still spinning on her terrace.

"What's the matter with your hand, Tonino?" she cried out. "Santa Maria! the boat is full of blood!"

"It is nothing, Comare," answered Antonio. "I scratched my hand on a nail—that's all. It will be well in a day or two. It bled freely, and that makes it look worse than it really is."

"I will come and dress it with some of my herbs, Comparello—yes, yes; I must dress it for you!"

"No; it's not worth while, Comare—I thank you. The bandage that's on it now will do very well. It will soon be well—my flesh heals so quickly. I often get these scratches, you know."

"Addio!" said Laurella, and took the path that winds up the cliffs.

"Buona sera!" replied Antonio, without looking up. Then, gathering up his oars and baskets, he slowly ascended the stone steps that led to his hut.

He was alone in the two rooms, and began to walk to and fro in a very uneasy frame of mind. The breeze, as it passed through the open windows, which could be closed only with wooden blinds, was somewhat more refreshing than in the sun on the open sea. He stood long before a little picture of the Virgin, and gazed thoughtfully at the halo around her head, made of stars cut out of silver paper; but he felt no inclination to pray. Now that he had lost, irretrievably lost, what he had so ardently hoped for, what was there left worth the asking?

And the day, it seemed, would never end. He so longed for night to come! He was fatigued, and more exhausted from the loss of blood than he was willing to acknowledge even to himself. His hand pained him severely; so he sat down and loosened the handkerchief. It was badly swollen, and, as soon as the bandage was removed, it began again to bleed. Having, to cool it, immersed it for some time in water, and carefully washed it, he distinctly saw the marks of Laurella's teeth.

"She was right," he muttered; "I was a brute, and deserved no better. To-morrow I will send Giuseppe with her handkerchief; me she shall never see again!"

After he had carefully washed the blood out of the handkerchief, and hung it in the sun to dry, he bound up his hand as well as he could, and threw himself on his bed.

He was not long in falling into a doze; but the bright moonlight, and the pain of his wound, soon awakened him. He had just risen to immerse his hand again in water, when there came a rap at his door.

"Who's there?" he asked, and went to receive his visitor. He opened the door, and Laurella stood before him.

She came in without saying a word, and, almost without looking up, took off the handkerchief she wore over her head, and set a little basket she carried on the table. There was a certain nervousness in her movements, that betrayed an inward struggle in spite of her endeavors to appear composed.

"You have come for your handkerchief?" began Antonio; "if you had waited till to-morrow morning, I would have saved you the trouble by sending Giuseppe with it."

"No, it is not for my handkerchief that I came," she answered, quickly. "I have been up among the hills for herbs to stop the blood. See!" and she raised the cover of her basket.

"It was not worth while to take so much trouble," he said, in a kindly tone. "My hand is already much better; but, if it were worse, it would be no more than I deserve. Why do you come to me at such an hour? If any one should see you!—you know how ready people are to talk."

"Let them talk—what do I care?" said she, impatiently. "But show me your hand, and let me dress the wound with these herbs."

"I tell you it is quite unnecessary."

"Well, let me see it, that I may judge for myself." Despite his remonstrances, she took his hand and removed the old linen bandage he had awkwardly wound around it. "Good Heavens! is it possible?" she cried, with a shudder, when she saw the condition it was in.

"It is swollen some, I know," said he, calmly; "but the swelling will go down in a day or two."

She shook her head incredulously.

"You will not be able to do any thing for a week, at least."

"A week—well, no matter!"

She brought a basin of water, and washed his hand carefully—an operation to which he passively submitted. This done, she covered it with fresh leaves from her basket, and then bound it up with some strips of linen she had also brought with her.

"Thank you," said he, when she had finished. "And now, if you would do me one more favor, not only forgive me for acting so like a madman to-day, but forget all I did and said. What possessed me is more than I can tell. You certainly have never given me cause to act so like a maniac. I will never say any thing to you again that will displease you, I promise you—much less do any thing to displease you."

"It is I who should beg pardon of you," said she; "I should have answered you very differently, and not have angered you with my disagreeable ways. And then to have bitten you so!"

"You did it in self-defence. It was high time to bring me to my senses. Besides, the wound is not serious. Let us say no more about it. You have taught me a wholesome lesson, and I thank you for it. And now I won't keep you any longer. There—there is your handkerchief; you can take it with you."

He handed it to her. Still, she did not go.

"I—I have been the cause of your losing your jacket," said she, after a pause. "I know that all the money for the oranges was in it. I did not think of that at the time. I cannot replace the money now—we have not so much at home, and, if we had, it would be mother's; but I have this silver cross, that the painter left on the table when he came to see us the last time. I have hardly looked at it since then, and do not care to keep it any longer in my box. If you were to sell it—it must be worth a few piastres—you would have part of the money back; the rest I could earn by spinning at night, when mother is asleep."

"If your cross is not sold till I sell it, then it will never be sold," said he.

"You must take it," she replied, laying it on the table. "Who knows how long you will be laid up with your hand? There it lies, and I don't want to ever see it again."

"If you leave it, I'll throw it into the sea."

"I do not offer you a present; I only give you a part of what is your due."

"My due? You owe me nothing; I have no claims on you whatever; and in future, when we meet, do me the favor not to look my way. You would only remind me of what has passed between us to-day, and I would forget it. And now, good-night—yes, and—for the last time!"

He put the handkerchief in her basket, and the cross with it. As he looked up, he was greatly alarmed. Big tears chased one another down her cheeks, and she made no effort to restrain them.

"Maria Santissima! are you ill?" he cried. "You tremble from head to foot!"

"It is nothing; I will go home," she replied, and turned toward the door; but, unable to control herself longer, she leaned her head against the wall, and sobbed bitterly. Then, suddenly, before he in his amazement could decide what to do or say, she turned, and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, I cannot endure it!" she cried. "I cannot bear to go from you in this way, with all this load upon my conscience! If it is true that you love me so much, that you can love me still, after what I have done, then do not drive me from you, but take me and do with me as you will."

He held her for some moments in his arms, speechless with ecstasy.

"Love you still!" he cried, finally. "Do you think the last drop of my heart's blood has run out through this little wound? No, no! my heart throbs at this moment as it never throbbed before! But, if you say you will be mine only to try me, or because you pity me, then go, and I will forget this too. No, I would not allow you to sacrifice yourself, no matter how much I suffered."

"Sacrifice myself!" she cried, looking up from his shoulder into his face with her tearful eyes. "It is no sacrifice, for—for I love you, Tonino!"

"Love me!" exclaimed Antonio, wild with joy.

"And," she continued, "if I have always been so disagreeable, it was because I feared I should love you, and fought against it. But now I will be very different. As for passing you in the street without

looking when I yourself have for
A m
alone, b

THE
Bo
is of the
is called
slye and
of the ni
he is like
lighte the
ante, and
profereth
wilde, and
never is l
were, pr
seene."

These
"Car
"A m
"Tha
"Fain
"Wh
eth."

"Thou
"That
"A ca
"An c
"Whe
"Wh
"I'll
"Wh
"A ca
"Cats
"Cats
"The
"The
"He li
pecked—l
Shake

And—

It is ta
to a new
again; to
house.

A cat's
course of

The bu
doses.

If a m
faint.

As a cu
tail in wat

The ho
ing, will p

If the
drawing it

To pres

and have a

To cure
ter of an h

The fa

looking at you, I never could have done that; and, lest you may fear, when I am gone, that this is all a dream, you shall be able to say to yourself, 'She kissed me,' and Laurella kisses no man she would not have for her husband."

A moment later Laurella was on her way home, and Antonio stood alone, bewildered but joyous, in his little hut.

CONCERNING CATS.

THE following quaint description of the cat is to be found in John Bossewell's "Works of Armorie," published in 1597: "The field is of the Sapphire, on a chief Pearle, a Masion Cruieves. This beaste is called a 'Masion,' for that he is enimie to Myse and Rattes. He is slye and wittie, and seeth so sharply that he overcommeth darkness of the nighte by the shyninge lyghte of his eyne. In shape of body he is like unto a Leopard, and hathe a greate mouthe. He doth delighte that he enjoyeth his libertie; and in his youth he is swifte, plyante, and merye. He maketh a ruffull noyse and a gastefulle, when he profereth to fighte with another. He is a cruell beaste when he is wilde, and falleth on his owne feete from moste highe places; and never is hurt therewith. When he hathe a fayre skinne he is, as it were, proude thereof, and then he goethe muche aboute to be seene."

These are some of the best-known proverbs concerning cats:

"Care will kill a cat."

"A muffled cat is no good mouser."

"That cat is out of kind that sweet milk will not lap."

"Fain would the cat fish eat, but she is loath to wet her feet."

"When the cat winketh, little wots the mouse what the cat thinketh."

"Though the cat winks a while, yet sure she is not blind."

"That that comes of a cat will catch mice."

"A cat may look at a king."

"An old cat laps as much as a young kitten."

"When the cat's away the mice will play."

"When the candle is out all cats are gray."

"I'll keep no more cats than will catch mice."

"Who shall hang the bell about the cat's neck?"

"A cat has nine lives, and a woman has nine cat's lives."

"Cats eat what hussies spare."

"Cats hide their claws."

"The wandering cat gets many a rap."

"The cat is hungry when a crust contents her."

"He lives under the sign of the cat's-foot," that is to say, he is henpecked—his wife scratches him.

Shakespeare says:

"Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat I' the adage."

And—

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day."

It is taught us that if a cat be carried in a bag from its old home to a new one, let the distance be what it may, it will surely return again; to prevent which, it must be carried backward into the new house.

A cat's eyes wax and wane as the moon waxes and wanes, and the course of the sun is followed by the apples of its eyes.

The brain of a cat is useful as a love-spell, if taken in small doses.

If a man swallow two or three cat's hairs, they will cause him to faint.

As a cure for epilepsy, take three drops of blood from under a cat's tail in water.

The horse ridden by a man who has got any cat's hair on his clothing, will perspire violently and soon become exhausted.

If the wind blows over a cat riding in a vehicle, upon the horse drawing it, it will weary the horse very much.

To preserve your eyesight, burn the head of a black cat to ashes, and have a little of the dust blown into your eyes three times a day.

To cure a whitlow hold the finger affected in a cat's ear for a quarter of an hour every day.

The fat of the wild-cat is good for the curing of epilepsy and

lameness. The skin of the wild-cat worn as coverings will give strength to the limbs.

If one dreams that he hath encountered a cat or killed one, he will commit a thief to prison and prosecute him to the death, for the cat signifies a common thief. If he dreams that he eats cat's flesh, he will have all the thief's goods.

If any one dreams he fights with a cat that scratches him sorely, that denotes some sickness or affliction. If any shall dream that a woman become the mother of a cat instead of a well-shaped baby, it is a bad hieroglyphic, and betokeneth no good to the dreamer.

Among various receipts in occult philosophy published in the *Conjuror's Magazine*, in 1791, are the following directions "how to draw cats together and fascinate them."

"In the new moon gather the herb nepe and dry it in the heat of the sun, when it is temperately hot; gather vervain in the hour 9, and only expose it in the air while ☉ is under the earth. Hang these together in a net, in a convenient place, and when one of them has scented it, her cry will soon call those about her that are within hearing, and they will rant and run about, leaping and capering to get at the net, which must be hung or placed so that they cannot easily accomplish it, for they will certainly tear it to pieces. Near Bristol there is a field that goes by the appellation of the 'Field of Cats,' from a large number of these animals being drawn together there by this contrivance."

Pussy's connection with the occult sciences has been such as to bring her into very bad repute with those who know the extent of her evil doing in this respect. We have the authority of an old pamphlet entitled "Mewes from Scotland," etc., printed in the year 1591, for the confessions of a witch, who "took a cat and christened it," etc., and that, in the night following, the said cat was conveyed into the "middest of the sea by all these witches sayling in their riddles or cives, so left the said cat right before the towne of Leith, in Scotland. This done there did arise such a tempest at sea, as a greater hath not been seen since."

"Again, it is confessed, that the said christened cat was the cause of the King's Majesties shippe, at his coming forth of Denmark, had a contrarie wind to the rest of the shippes then being in his companie, which thing was moste strange and true, as the King's Majestie acknowledgeth, for when the rest of the shippes had a fair and good winde, contrarie and altogether against his Majestie," etc.

In 1618, Margaret and Philip Flower were executed at Lincoln for witchcraft. Their chief crime, it was asserted, was the procuring the death of Lord Henry Mosse, eldest son of the Earl of Rutland, by procuring his right-hand glove, which after being rubbed on the back of their imp Rutterkin, who lived with them in the form of a cat, was plunged into boiling water, pricked with a knife, and buried in a dunghill, so that, as that rotted, the liver of the young man might rot also, which was affirmed to have come to pass.

Lady Duff Gordon, in an article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, gives us a glimpse of a strange superstition in Thebes. She says:

"Do you remember the German story of the lad who travelled 'um das gruseln zu lernen' (to learn how to tremble)? Well, I, who never 'gruselte' (quaked) before, had a touch of it a few mornings ago. I was sitting here quietly drinking tea, and four or five men were present, when a cat came to the door. I called 'Bis, bis!' and offered milk; but puss, after looking at us, ran away."

"Well dost thou, lady," said a quiet, sensible man, a merchant here, 'to be kind to the cat, for I dare say he gets little enough at home; his father, poor man, cannot cook for his children every day;' and then, in an explanatory tone to the company: 'That's Aleo Nas-seere's boy, Yussef; it must be Yussef, because his fellow-twin, Ismaeen, is with his uncle at Negadeh.'

"Nur gruselte' (I shuddered), I confess; not but what I have heard things almost as absurd from gentlemen and ladies in Europe, but an 'extravagance' in a caftan has quite a different effect from one in a tail-coat."

"What! my butcher-boy who brings the meat—a cat! I gasped."

"To be sure, and he knows well where to look for a bit of good cookery, as you see. All twins go out as cats at night, if they go to sleep hungry; and their own bodies lie at home like dead, meanwhile; but no one must touch them, or they would die. When they grow up to ten or twelve they leave it off. Why, your own boy, Achmet, does it.—Ho, Achmet!"

"Achmet appears.

"Boy, don't you go out as a cat at night?"

"No," said Achmet, tranquilly, "I am not a twin. My sister's sons do."

"I inquired if people were not afraid of such cats.

"No, there is no fear; they only eat a little of the cookery, but, if you beat them, they tell their parents the next day: 'So-and-so beat me in his house last night,' and show their bruises. No, they are not afreets; they are *beni-Adam*. Only twins do it, and if you give them a sort of onion-broth and some milk the first thing when they are born, they do not do it at all.'

"Omar professed never to have heard it, but I am sure he had, only he dreads being laughed at.

"One of the American missionaries told me something like it, as belonging to the Copts; but it is entirely Egyptian, and common to both religions. I asked several Copts, who assured me it was true, and told it just the same. This notion fully accounts for the horror the people feel at the idea of killing a cat."

A common superstition charges cats with sucking the breath of infants, thereby causing their death by strangulation. This is a false accusation, as pussy's mouth is so formed anatomically that she would not be able to do so sanguinary a deed did she wish it. Instances are on record where cats have crawled into a cradle or a bed, and lain down on an infant's face, not probably with any criminal intent—though children have been found dead under such circumstances—but purely for the sake of the warmth of the infant's body and clothing.

Everybody has heard of the Kilkenny cats who fought in a sawpit until only a tail of either combatant was left. This is said to be an allegory designed to typify the ruin which centuries of litigation and embroilments on the subject of conflicting rights and liberties brought to the respective exchequers of Kilkenny and Iristown, separate corporations existing within the limits of one city, and the boundaries of whose respective jurisdictions had never been definitely marked out by an authority which either was willing to recognize. These struggles were commenced A. D. 1377, and fought, as only vestrymen can fight, for over three hundred years, at the end of which time, as might be supposed, very little was left, financially speaking, of either party.

There is, however, another story of a great cat-fight in the same neighborhood. One summer night, all the cats in the city and county of Kilkenny were absent from their homes, and the next morning a plain near the city was strewn with thousands of slain cats; and it was supposed that almost all the cats in Ireland joined in the fight, as was shown by collars on the necks of some of the dead, bearing the names of places in all quarters of Ireland. The cause of the quarrel is not known, but there are men alive who knew persons, since dead, who actually inspected the field.

It was once upon a time a trick of a countryman to bring a cat to market in a bag, and substitute it for a sucking pig in another bag, which he sold to the unwary when he got a chance. If the trick was prematurely discovered, it was called *letting the cat out of the bag*; if otherwise, he who made the bad bargain was said to have *bought a pig in a poke*.

Cats usually fall on their feet, because of the ease with which they balance themselves in leaping from a height, which power of balancing is, in some degree, produced by the flexibility of the heel, the bones of which have no fewer than four joints. A cat, when falling with its head downward, curls its body so that the back forms an arch, while the legs remain extended. This so changes the position of the centre of gravity, that the body makes a half-turn in the air, and the feet become lowest.

The French of cat is *chat*; the German, *katz*; the Italian, *gatto*; the Spanish, *gato*; the Dutch and Danish, *kat*; the Welsh, *cath*; the Latin, *catus*; the French of puss is *minette*. The only language in which the name of the cat is significant, is the Zend, where the word *gatu*, almost identical with the Spanish *gato*, means a place—a word peculiarly significant in reference to this animal, whose attachment is peculiar to place, and not to the person, so strikingly indicated by the dog. It is possible that "puss" is derived from the Egyptian name *psuht*; but the derivation is generally agreed to be from the Latin *pussus* (a little boy) or *pussa* (a little girl).

In Abyssinia, cats are so valuable that a marriageable girl, who is likely to come in for a cat, is looked upon as quite an heiress.

Apollo created the lion to terrify his sister Diana, and she turned

his fearful beast into ridicule by mimicking it in the form of a cat. Cats were dedicated to Diana, not only when she bore her proper name, but when she was called "Hecate." Witches who worshipped Hecate had always a favorite cat.

There is a cape on the Isle of Cyprus which was once called Cat Cape. A monastery stood there, the monks of which were bound by a vow to keep a great number of cats, to destroy the snakes with which the island abounded. At the sound of a certain bell, the cats came trooping home to their meals, and then rushed out again to the chase. When the Turks conquered the island, both the cats and their home were destroyed, or this wonderful sight might doubtless be still seen.

In the middle ages, cats performed an important part in some religious festivals. At Aix, in Provence, on the festival of Corpus Christi, the finest toment in the country, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, like a child, was exhibited in a magnificent shrine to public admiration. Pussy was worshipped with bended knees, strown flowers, and the pouring of incense; but, on the festival of St. John, the poor animal's fate was reversed. A number of cats were placed in a wicker-basket and thrown alive into the midst of an immense fire kindled in the public square. Bishop and clergy officiated on the occasion, hymns and anthems were sung, and processions made by priests and people, in honor of the sacrifice.

Cats have been known to successfully act the part of a police detective. A woman was murdered at Lyons, and when the body was found, as it lay weltering in blood, a large white cat was noticed mounted on the cornice of a cupboard. He sat motionless, his eyes fixed upon the corpse, and his looks expressing horror and affright. Next morning, he was still seen there, and when the room was filled with the officers of justice, and a noisy crowd of lookers-on, he still remained unmoved. As soon, however, as the suspected persons were brought in, his eyes glared with fury, and his hair bristled. He darted into the middle of the room, stopped a moment to gaze upon them, and then fled. The faces of the assassins, for the first time, showed signs of guilt, and, on being brought to trial, they confessed their crime, and were executed.

A State-prison convict once stated that, on a certain occasion, he and two others broke into the house of a gentleman near Harlem. While they were in the act of plundering it, a large black cat flew at one of the robbers, and fixed his claws in both sides of his face. He added that he never saw a man so frightened in his life; and that, in his alarm, he made such an outcry that they had to beat a precipitate retreat to avoid detection.

In September, 1850, the mistress of a public-house, in the Commercial Road, London, going late at night into the tap-room, found her cat in a state of excitement, running wildly to and fro between its mistress and the chimney-piece, and mewing loudly. The landlady becoming alarmed, called for help, and on investigation a robber was discovered hidden in the chimney.

A man in the south of Ireland once severely chastised a cat for some misdemeanor, after which the cat disappeared. A few days after, the man, being from home, met the cat in a narrow path, and, the animal looking at him with a wicked aspect, he endeavored to frighten her away, when she sprang at him, and fastened herself to his hand with so ferocious a grip that it was impossible to make her open her jaws, and the creature's head was actually severed from the body before the hand could be extricated. The man afterward died from his injuries.

FLOWER-FARMS.

THE flower-farms of the modern world are for the most part situated in Europe. In fact, although many of the finest perfumes known to commerce are grown in the East Indies, Ceylon, Mexico, and Peru, the South of Europe is considered the only garden that can be relied on by the modern perfumer.

France and Italy claim about equal prominence as seats of the art. In the former, Grasse and its vicinity are the principal places of flower growth and decoction; in the latter, Nice monopolizes the very flower of the Italian flower-growing reputation. Both these cities command within a short radius those peculiar qualities of climate best suited

to the
sea-coa
without
destroy
bloom
gestion
lets a
But
those o
violets
of the
Sicil
orange.
Can
the pro
cassia,
their ch
Mito
realize
der of t
differen
Adri
Asia), a
the wor
Briti
at the v
of perfu
sence of
choir an
it are in
ous soap
of fashio
odors dir
bear rep
At th
140,000
lbs. of ro
lets; 8,0
citron, th
It is
tinted fl
table of

COLO

White ..
Yellow..
Red ..
Blue...
Iris...
Green(?)
Orange..
Brown..

By the
the only
Bloss
more prof
Flowers r
in compar
On flo
portionall

"Thir
equivalen
entire sea
"Five
metres of
ing the se
"One
four thous
thousand
"Eigh

to the varied growths of flowers. As, for instance, on their mutual sea-coast, their carlie (that all in all, almost, to a perfumer) grows without possible danger of frost, a single night of which would destroy all the blossoms of a season; while nearer the Alps—which bloom all the sweeter for a touch of Winter's icy breath, or a suggestion of it, to say the least—the most marvellous and sweetest violets are produced which can be found in all Europe.

But, speaking of violets, sweet even as are the violets of Nice, those of England, together with the lavender and peppermint, are the violets of commerce. The specialty of Sardinia, however, in default of the British, is for the cultivation of *violet* and *rizéda*.

Sicily prides herself especially upon her lemon, bergamot, and orange.

Cannes, in France, delights in the exportation of blossoms and all the products resulting from the fragrant varieties of rose, tuberose, cassia, jasmine, and orange-neroli. At Nismes, the cultivators direct their chief attention to thyme, rosemary, aspic, and lavender.

Mitcham, in Surrey, and Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, in England, realize eight times the price in the market for peppermint and lavender of those produced in France or elsewhere, and are fully worth the difference for delicacy of odor.

Adrianople (Turkey in Europe), Broussa and Usak (Turkey in Asia), and Guzepore (India), also supply other varieties of perfumes to the world's-market.

British India and Europe, according to Peisse, annually consume, at the very lowest estimate, one hundred and fifty thousand gallons of perfumed spirits under various titles—such as Hungary water, essence of lavender, *esprit de rose*, etc. Scents for the use of the *mouchoir* are not alone included in the distribution of these figures. In it are included perfumes also for inodorous matters, such as the various soaps, starch, oils, and grease, which are consumed at the toilet of fashion. Some account of the immense quantities of the various odors distilled from a single manufactory in a single year may well bear repetition:

At the establishment of M. Herman, at Cannes, annually are used: 140,000 lbs. of orange-flowers; 12,000 lbs. of cassia-flowers; 140,000 lbs. of rose-leaves; 32,000 lbs. of jasmine-blossoms; 20,000 lbs. of violets; 8,000 lbs. of tuberose; 16,000 lbs. of rosemary, mint, lemon, citron, thyme, and other odorous plants in larger proportion.

It is an interesting fact, not generally known, that white or slightly-tinted flowers are by far the most odorous, and most sweetly so. A table of their comparative color value is thus given:

COLORS.	SPECIES.	ODOR-IFEROUS.	COLORS.	ODORS.	
				Agreeable.	Dis'gr'ble.
White	1,193	187	White	175	12
Yellow	951	75	Yellow	61	14
Red	923	85	Red	76	9
Blue	594	31	Blue	23	7
Iris	307	23	Iris	17	6
Green (?)	153	17	Green (?)	10	2
Orange	50	10	Orange	9	2
Brown	18	1	Brown	1	1

By the above it will be seen that the lightest-colored flowers are the only ones, comparatively, of any use to the perfumer.

Blossoms born of a torrid zone, and in the hottest climates, are more prolific in number, as a usual thing, but of much less fragrance. Flowers rooted in temperate climates, on the other hand, are usually, in comparison, of a peculiarly sweet and delicate bouquet.

On flower-farms the different species of blossoms grow about proportionally:

"Thirty thousand jasmine-plants will occupy an area of land equivalent to fifteen hundred metres, and will produce during the entire season one thousand kilogrammes of flowers.

"Five thousand rose-tree plants will occupy eighteen hundred metres of land, and will produce ten kilogrammes of rose-flowers during the season.

"One hundred orange-trees, at the age of ten years, will occupy four thousand metres of land, and will produce during the season one thousand kilogrammes of orange-flowers.

"Eight hundred geranium-plants will occupy two hundred metres

of land, the produce of which during the season will be one thousand kilogrammes of geranium-flowers.

"Violets—five thousand metres of land, one thousand kilogrammes of violet-flowers.

"Tuberose—seventy thousand tuberose-roots, one thousand kilogrammes of flowers; and for their culture will require one thousand metres of land."

The yearly produce of violets at Nice and Cannes alone (Grasse does not grow the violet) amounts to twenty-five thousand kilogrammes, the annual remanufacture of which into oils and pomades is twelve thousand kilogrammes. If, however, the produce furnished by the different manufacturers were genuine, it would not be possible to produce more than six thousand kilogrammes of the essence in its pure state from the quantity of flowers just mentioned.

The orange-flowers of Nice, besides its violets, amount to two hundred thousand kilogrammes; those of Cannes and the villages in its vicinity, about four hundred and twenty-five thousand kilogrammes. These latter are considered very nearly the finest known to the commerce of perfume, being infinitely superior to those of Nice, which latter are used only for distillation.

One thousand kilogrammes of orange-flowers produce eight hundred grammes of pure neroli. Six hundred kilogrammes of orange-flower gums produce one kilogramme of pure *petit grain*.

To the uninitiated, the separate technical terms of neroli and *petit grain*, both applied to the distillation of orange-flowers, may seem somewhat confusing.

It must be borne in mind that some plants, or different parts of the same plants, yield more than one distinct odor. The orange, for example, gives three distinct perfumes: from the leaves we have the *petit grain*; from the flowers, neroli; and from the rind of the fruit is distilled the essential oil of orange, which has been christened "Portugal."

In consideration of these three perfectly distinct and yet most exquisite odors the orange is rightly recognized as perhaps the most invaluable auxiliary to the perfumer.

IF AT LAST.

[An Arab, journeying across a vast desert, wearily exclaimed: "I pray that before I die this my desire may be fulfilled—that at a river, dashing its waves against my knees, I may fill my leathern sack with water!"—SAADI.]

I.

WITH silent lip and unappealing eye,
And forehead bared to the unkindly sky,
I'll walk life's way, and find its burdens sweet,
Its burning sands like moss beneath my feet;

II.

And from my heart no sob of grief shall rise,
E'en when the fair mirage before me flies,
And I awake from weak, fond dreams, wherein
I have beheld, dear love, what might have been;

III.

Stout-hearted, I will spring to meet each day
Of dust and toil that bears me on the way,
And pain and thirst shall be unfelt, unknown—
If I may call thee, at the last, my own!—

IV.

If, after patient years, I may but come
To dwell with thee in some sweet sylvan home,
And, underneath life's soft autumnal sky,
To live one little day before I die!

SCENERY OF NEVADA.

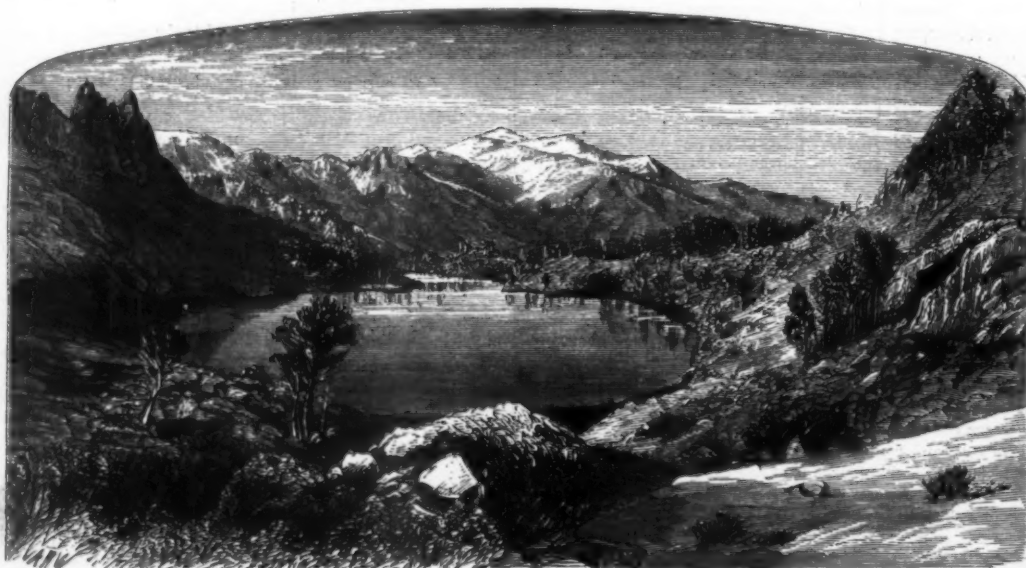


PYRAMID LAKE, NEVADA.

NEVADA, in common with the entire region lying between the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains, is an elevated plain having a general altitude of about four thousand feet above the sea. Crossing this plateau are many mountain-ranges, whose peaks vary in height from five to twelve thousand feet. The sides of these mountains are everywhere cut by deep ravines, or canyons, most of them running from crest to base, and usually at nearly right angles with the general course of the ranges. The canyons vary greatly in width, and

some of them have streams flowing through them, while others are entirely destitute of water. Granite, sienite, slate, limestone, and porphyry, are the prevailing rocks. The tops of the divides, between the lateral canyons, are especially apt to be sharp and ragged, the bare and splintered rocks occasionally standing far above the crest of the ridge, and sometimes strongly inclined toward the comb of the principal mountain.

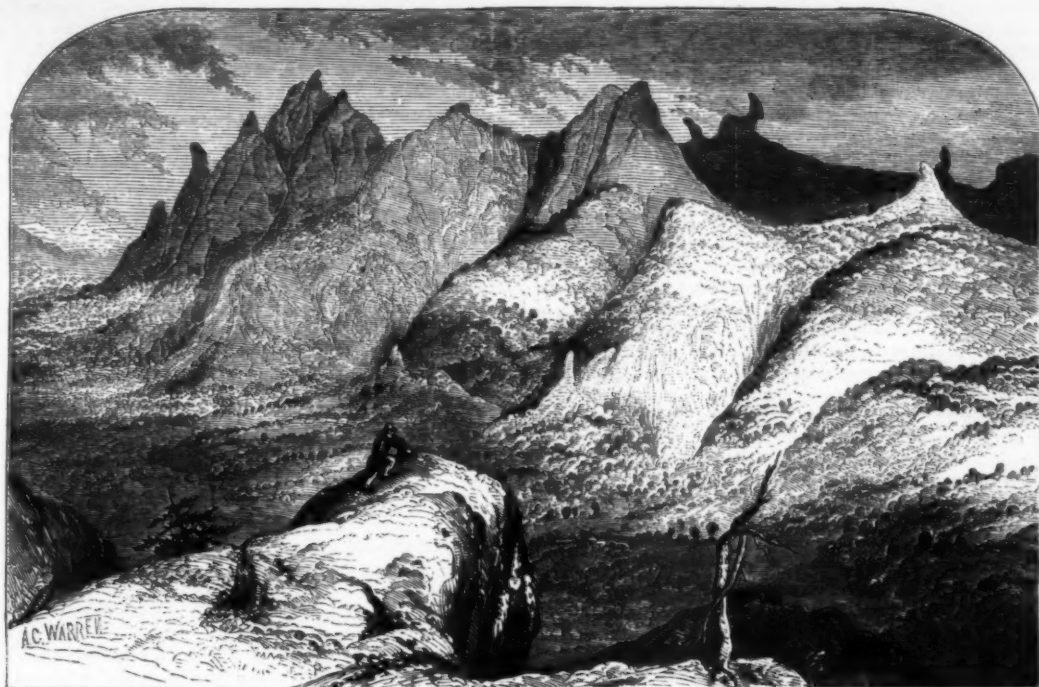
Most of the ranges are covered with a scanty growth of bunch-



LAKE IN THE HUMBOLDT RANGE, NEVADA.

grass, and
but much
species of
Along so
strips of
open into
a sufficie

There
of the U



GRANITE BLUFFS IN WRIGHT'S CANYON, HUMBOLDT'S RANGE, NEVADA.

grass, and with patches of *piñon*, juniper, and other scrubby trees; but much of their surface is destitute of grass or any other useful species of vegetation, and three-fourths of it is wholly without timber. Along some of the streams flowing through the canyons are narrow strips of arable land, which frequently, at the point where the canyons open into the valley, spread out into tracts of several acres, affording a sufficiency of tillable land for gardens and small farms.

There are fewer rivers in Nevada than in any of the large States of the Union, but nearly all the surface-water of the country is col-

lected in lakes, none of them of large size, and most of them extremely shallow. The largest that lie wholly within the State are Pyramid Lake, formed by the waters of Truckee River, and Humboldt, Walker, Carson, and Franklin Lakes, formed respectively by the waters of the rivers bearing those names.

Pyramid Lake, which is the largest, derives its name from a pyramidal rock near its centre, rising six hundred feet above the surface of the water. This lake abounds in trout of large size and fine flavor, is of considerable depth, and is entirely surrounded by precipitous



COLUMN MOUNTAINS, NEVADA.

mountains two or three thousand feet high. The scenery is exceedingly grand. Nevada, in fact, is one of the most picturesque and interesting countries in the world, and is almost without a rival for the grandeur and sublimity of its mountain-views, of which the illustrations in this number of the *JOURNAL* give only a partial indication. To represent adequately the scenery of this vast State, which is considerably more than twice as large as New York, will task for ages to come the pencils of American artists.

Mr. Bowles, in his animated narrative of his ride "Across the Continent" in 1866, speaks thus of the scenery of Nevada: "Mountains are always beautiful, and here they are ever in sight, wearing every variety of shape, and even in their hard and bare surfaces presenting many a fascination of form—running up into sharp peaks; rising up and rounding out into innumerable fat mammillas, exquisitely shaped; sloping down into faint foot-hills, and mingling with the plain to which they are all destined; and now and then offering the silvery streak of snow, which is the sign of water for man and the promise of grass for ox. Add to the mountains the clear, pure, rare atmosphere, bringing remote objects close, giving new size and distinctness to moon and stars, offering sunsets and sunrises of indescribable richness and reach of color, and accompanied with cloudless skies and a south wind, refreshing at all times, and cool and exhilarating ever in the afternoon and evening—and you have large compensations even for the lack of vegetation and color in the landscape."

Of Wright's Canyon, the scene of one of our illustrations, Mr. W. W. Bailey, to whom we are indebted for the sketch from which our engraving was made, gives us the following account:

"In the autumn of 1867, after a very arduous geological campaign upon the Truckee and Humboldt Rivers, the party, of which I was a member, encamped in the mountains, in order to escape the noxious miasms of the valleys, from which we had all, more or less, suffered. The larger portion of our force, with its accompanying military escort, pitched its tents at the opening of Wright's Canyon, some six miles from Oreana, on the Humboldt. We noticed here a phenomenon which at first alarmed us greatly. The stream, which supplied us with water, became perfectly dry at noon, and we began to fear that our supply was exhausted. At night, however, to our great surprise, it began to flow again, suddenly, and with much noise. The same thing was repeated every day. This is the result, probably, of the tremendous diurnal evaporation, which exhausts the water before it can reach the plain. The equally powerful radiation which takes place during the night, and possibly a direct condensation from the atmosphere, are sufficient causes for the restoration of the stream to its normal condition, if fluidity can be correctly considered the natural state of any thing in the arid regions of the Great Basin.

"The more invalid portion of our party were wisely ordered to encamp a mile or so farther up the canyon, and a rough mountain road or trail led to their airy retreat. The horses, too, which had fared but poorly on the sage-brush and grease-wood of the barren deserts, were removed to the same place, and by means of the scanty but rich supply of bunch-grass were able to prolong their wretched existence. It is marvellous how these animals can sustain life in a country where there is apparently so little forage; but they do live and thrive.

"One day my friend the photographer and myself determined to visit the invalids, and to explore the wonders of the hills. We found our unfortunate comrades encamped in a most romantic spot, around which rose the towering summits of the mountains. A series of bold and castellated ridges of granite attracted our attention, and we resolved to scale them. The worst part of our climb, the whole of which was arduous, was up a steep sage-brush hill, which led to the base of the attractive rocks. We found the granite wall very fantastic in outline, steep, and hollowed into a variety of curious caves. The weather, and perhaps the wind-borne sand, which is a powerful agent in this country, had acted upon it in a most peculiar manner. The surface of the cliffs in some places looked as if the granite had once been liquid, and a breeze gently blowing over it had rippled the plastic material, which had then been suddenly petrified. The actual cause of the appearance is, however, quite different. It is doubtless owing to certain portions of the rock having a more durable composition than the rest, which is consequently eroded, leaving the harder parts standing in relief. Quite large junipers grew among these rocks, and offered a refreshing shade. The wind blew furiously on the top, and, coming to one especially dangerous-looking place, I informed my bolder companion that I would proceed no farther. He succeeded in

reaching the pinnacle. While awaiting his return, I employed myself in gathering flowers, and was able to secure some rare and curious Alpine plants. The photographer reported the view from the summit very extensive, and it certainly was grand from where I beheld it.

"I was seated upon the edge of a frightful abyss, and looked apparently a thousand feet down into a small valley, whence the mass of the mountains rolled toward the plain in great brown waves, unsurfed by a tree or any green thing, unless maybe a straggling juniper. The hills were covered with the sage or artemisia, but even that is of an ashy hue, in common with most of the desert plants. The great valley of the Humboldt, stretching to the river and beyond, was equally barren, and then arose the Trinity Mountains and other ranges, until a white cap here and there in the distance indicated the dim line of the Sierra Nevada. There was positively no color in the scene, and yet it did not lack for beauty. The soft shades of neutral tint and azure, and at evening the peculiar golden dust thrown over the mountains by the setting sun, are effects that are unique and unsurpassed."

THE SPRING EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

AMONG the exhibitions of the past few years of works by American artists, the preëminence seems pretty generally accorded to the one now open at the Academy of Design, for the number of good pictures it contains. Contrasting it with the last exhibition of pictures in New York, about which the public have been much interested—the Derby Collection of Foreign Paintings—we are led naturally to compare the works of our best painters with those of such artists as Bouguereau, Boutibonne, Willems, Merle, and others; and generally we must acknowledge, after careful, and we hope impartial, consideration, that our native works seem, in point of real artistic merit, to be equal to theirs, and to show more activity of mind and less academical mannerism than appear in the productions of these eminent foreign artists.

The collection is, as usual, made up of every variety of subjects, landscapes being largely predominant. Two of the pictures stand out conspicuous in interest above the rest, the one a head—it can hardly be called a portrait, since it is purely an ideal head—and the other a landscape. Many pictures draw attention from their "sensational" qualities; but in the case of both these the striking qualities which fix the mind and eye of the most uneducated in such matters are also those which attract and stimulate the artist and the connoisseur. The head, in the east room, marked 205, the property of Mr. Tilton, and painted by William Page, is without a name. But the verses on the frame of the picture, from the first chapter of John—"Again the next day after John stood, and two of his disciples; and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the lamb of God!"—and the emblems of a lion, a lamb, and a crown, but still more the character of the head itself, leave no doubt as to its intention to represent Jesus Christ.

The figure is that of a young man of large and powerful frame, a very full forehead and head, and a fair, florid skin. What at first strikes the beholder is the soft mass of reddish, curling hair—the real Titian red—and the beard of a lighter hue, which falls as softly as threads of silk over his chest, its texture plainly showing that it never has been cut, and that its wearer is a "Nazarene." The nose is straight and rather broad, with firm, strong nostrils. Full and very red lips pout out through the tawny beard, and to any one who has an image in his own mind of a suffering and risen Redeemer they suggest too powerfully the earthly side of his nature. Yet the suggestion is but superficial, and it is only a touch of earth; for the lower part of the face is small, the mouth neither large nor powerful, and the fullness and redness of his lips are but the slight link through which the frailties of earth could be apprehended by the spirit which sits behind the wonderful eyes of the picture.

The eyes are really the key to the portrait. His vast head is turned partly down and round over his shoulder, his beard and hair sweeping backward with the action, and the "Lion of Judah" is revealed through the great pale-gray eyes, which are set and formed like those of the king of beasts. The great black pupils also suggest the

lion. But typical character in women, soul of the higher degree, and unconscious grace, and the cities of the world, and also, supernatural bound by the element, I think makes the walls like a child, condemn, and to a picture as

The truth be judged, other people, very, and fully. M. essentially, Swedenborg incarnate, spiritually deem hurt in a woman subject to transmittal. The human and comb humanly, if the divine meet evil as a man stored an existence then, Pagan, tional Christ sorrow and infirmities sees and s

The of lence is some "Fing, and b of the life many rega greatly car yellow sai which the of a sum gentle an richly-colo pictures a the gradat to a senti one scarce poet or the the water the gorgeo unreal the boatmen d and luxur these vario up and wr and the pu Among Hunt's pi head of W man, wrin

lion. But here the animal likeness ends, and the supernatural and typical character of the face commences. Occasionally, but very rarely, in women and young children, we see pale, blank eyes, into which the soul of the person ebbs and flows; and such, though in a wondrously higher degree, are the eyes of this Christ. The face is entirely serious and unconscious, and all the nature of the man seems held in abeyance, waiting the advent of the God. As you gaze into the eyes, capacities of expression are revealed to you—power, thought, and love, and also, what I have never seen in face or picture, the look of the supernatural. The human element seems to be possessed and spell-bound by it, and it affects and enchains the beholder. It is this element, I think, which affects, excites, and repels so many, and which makes the picture seem so strange, so foreign, and so much a thing by itself among the others, that when the eye rests upon it, traversing the walls of the academy, one is startled and almost shocked, and, like a child scared by a ghost-story, tries to laugh, to criticise, and to condemn, and yet, as if fascinated, returns again and again to inquire and to wonder, and, in my own case at least, to finally accept the picture as a work of decided genius and originality.

The truth is, that this picture, like all other works of art, should be judged from the stand-point of the artist, and not from that of other people. We should consider what the artist has sought to convey, and then see whether or not he has carried out his idea successfully. Mr. Page is a Swedenborgian, with views of Christ differing essentially from those now current in the world. According to the Swedenborgian doctrine, the Jewish nation was not selected for the incarnation on account of its excellence, but rather because it was spiritually the worst of mankind. The Lord, in order to raise and redeem humanity, went down to its lowest depths, and was incarnated in a woman who, so far from being of immaculate conception, was subject to the strongest tendencies and temptations of her race, and transmitted those tendencies in their fullest measure to her offspring. The human nature of Christ, therefore, was at first peculiarly human, and combined in itself all the evil propensities which then afflicted humanity, and from which the race would have speedily perished if the divine Creator had not assumed humanity himself, in order to meet evil spirits on their own plane, and, by resisting and overcoming as a man the worst of temptations, put the devils to flight, and thus restored and preserved the freedom of the human mind, to whose very existence freedom is absolutely essential. From this point of view, then, Page's picture must be judged. His Christ is not the conventional Christ of the artists—all sweetness and loveliness, the man of sorrow and suffering—but rather the Christ still contending with the infirmities of his Jewish nature, and still ready to denounce the Pharisees and scourge the money-changers out of the Temple.

The other picture to which I have referred as of surpassing excellence is Mr. Gifford's perfectly lovely landscape, or waterscape, of some "Fishing-boats of the Adriatic," which is so striking, so charming, and has so much artistic subtlety, both of color and in the spirit of the life it depicts, that almost every one is delighted with it, and many regard it as almost the only picture in the collection they would greatly care to own. The scene represents a graceful mass of red-and-yellow sails, swaying and hanging against one another as the boats to which they are attached lie side by side, rocking on the soft ripples of a summer sea. The haze of the quiet heavens hovers over as gentle an ocean, and in the midst of the dreamy scene this group of richly-colored fishing-boats stands out like a jewel. Mr. Gifford's pictures *all*—so far as I know them—are delightful; and in this one the gradation of tints and shades, as subtle as Turner's, is added to a sentiment so charming, and a study of Nature so faithful, that one scarcely knows which to enjoy most—the imagination of the poet or the skill of the artist. The atmosphere is warm and dreamy; the water is wet and deep and quiet, yet susceptible of being stirred; the gorgeousness of the sunlight transfigures into something almost unreal the soft, heavy-hued bits of color by which the rude Venetian boatmen delight to express all they are able of their sense of a beauty and luxury which seems native to the children of that region; and these various threads of sense and feeling Mr. Gifford has gathered up and wrought into a creation so lovely as to make the heart beat and the pulse bound.

Among the portraits, the two foremost are Mr. William M. Hunt's picture of Mr. William Wardner—No. 266—and Page's head of Wendell Phillips. Mr. Hunt's picture is of an old gentleman, wrinkled and gray. The tone is subdued, and the drawing firm.

As you examine it closely, you see the handling of a master; every touch on the flesh is delicate and precise, looking so slight, but yet so effective! The shadows, all so clear; the textures of flesh, hair, and drapery, so defined and so simply treated—make it really a delightful work of art. There is scarcely a tint which is beyond the most neutral gray or brown; yet through the multitudinous shades the eye travels with ever-increasing satisfaction.

In another key of color, and with different handling, Page's "Phillips" is equally as strong. The texture of the skin and flesh is admirable; the likeness is wonderfully good, and the artistic rendering of details thoroughly satisfactory. Mr. Page's firm drawing and harmonious, subtle coloring, his consummate knowledge of textures and of anatomy, make one feel the flesh beneath the skin, the skull beneath the flesh, and the man behind the wonderful details of the eyes.

After these portraits, one's eye rests with pleasure on two lovely little girls, painted by Staigg—so childlike, so soft, and so delicate, that, if one has any young child of his own, he cannot but wish to see it pictured in the same way. Several portraits by Baker, Huntington, and Gray, are each good representatives of those artists; and there is an excellent picture, nearly a full-length, of George W. Curtis, by F. B. Carpenter. The expression of the figure is dignified and agreeable, and the color of the picture is quiet and in good keeping. As an accurate portrait of an eminent man it must always be a striking and valuable picture. If not very great as a work of art, it is free from conventionalism, and shows earnest and faithful study.

Among the fancy pictures, one of an Italian boy with his fiddle is very real and strong. The picture is simple in subject and in treatment; and this tendency to simplicity and unity of management—one of the best signs among our artists of an increase of real artistic feeling and knowledge—is observable in many of the best pictures. The Italian boy, leaning on a balustrade, supports his fiddle in one hand. The painting is entirely unpretending in light and shade and in color. The paint is scarcely more than "laid in," with little attention to intricacy of drawing; but there is a remarkable force in the figure, in the unity of tone, and perhaps next to this feeling of oneness in the painting is the admirable development of the fiddle. All the colors in it are kept subdued to the general effect of the picture, and yet the artist evidently loved it as much as its young owner, and has modelled and formed and developed it with the greatest care.

165, "The Mower," by Constant Mayer, is another remarkable picture. A strong man, muscular and full of life, cuts swaths with a suggestiveness and force which make us forget the farmer, and think of him as some symbolical figure, like Old Father Time. He cuts so firm and clean, you pity the blades of grass beneath his scythe, and involuntarily think of a Fate, or the "Reaper whose name is Death," or some other inexorable force—the tall trees behind him, with wan, outstretched arms like the weird sisters, urging him on. Yet the picture is intensely realistic. The flesh, anatomy, motion, and dress of the man are evidently studied very closely from life. The tone of this picture is somewhat inharmonious, and the figure a little "hard," in artistic parlance; but the strength of the drawing, as well as the conception of the picture, renders it one of the most interesting in the academy.

Among all the pictures scarcely one seems to afford such unalloyed pleasure as Eastman Johnson's "Old Stage-coach." A long strip of grass under a New-England sky, on one side of which is an overgrown nursery or half-cleared bit of undergrowth, on the other the children's home, above which birds are fluttering, while at the side of the house is an old apple-tree, which would afford a good companion-piece to the stage-coach; for what boys and girls have not some time in their life played "house," or told stories, or at any rate had their favorite "perches" in such an old tree in the yard at home in the country? The grass strip may be an overgrown ox-team path leading down into the farm, whence loads of hay are drawn in summer, manure carted to the fields in winter, and loads of apples brought before Thanksgiving; or the strip of grass may be merely a grass-plat behind the barn, where dandelions can be dug in spring, and stray clumps of white violets grow. On this grass is stranded an old stage-coach. I remember an old sleigh which afforded me the same sort of fun as Eastman Johnson's girls and boys are enjoying. But I must not digress, but describe the picture. A dozen children or so are playing stage-coach. The off-horse and the near horse, the

leaders and the driver, are all children. Two passengers on the top, little misses—would-be ladies—perk and prink, and chatter and talk gossip. Another child beckons and signals to a mother-child and her little one to hurry up to "take the coach." In the mean time one boy-horse is restive, another pulls patiently, and the driver looks solemn. Any one studying at the picture feels it an echo of some forgotten memory of his own youth—or pity if he does not!

The "Street Fire," by S. J. Guy, is another interesting picture of the same class. Carefully drawn and pleasant in color, the faces of the many children engaged in building their little fire of chips by the side of the street are beautifully painted.

"Saturday Afternoon" and "The Clock Doctor," by E. W. Perry, are also exceedingly pleasing pictures—interiors both, one of an old New-England kitchen, its furniture all in order, and the old dishes, pots, and pans, shining and clean on the high dresser; an old gray-haired woman sits before the open fireplace, her knitting resting on her knee, and she reading her Bible. Mr. Perry's pictures of this phase of New-England life are very valuable historically as well as for the good works of art that they certainly are. His pictures grow finer every year. The color is good, the handling also, and the treatment is constantly more excellent. The other picture, "The Clock Doctor," is of an old man taking a clock to pieces, in which operation a little boy is greatly interested, and the face of the little fellow is exceedingly lifelike and animated.

"Dreaming of the Sea" is another very striking picture by Eugene Meeks.

The landscapes are many of them excellent.

152. "Twilight on the Western Plains," by Samuel Colman, seems to us to be one of the best of Colman's works we have seen for a long time. The scene represents a wide reach of prairie which leads the eye back and back over an almost unending distance, but it is chiefly from the expanse of sky and the varieties and terminations of the different cloud-formations—from the immense masses of nimbus cloud rising dark in the nearer sky and retiring till we see the lower margin lying gray in the distance—that we feel the measure of the vast prairie. The picture is sensuous, like every thing of Colman's, and the "keeping" is, of course, right, as his paintings always are; but there is more vigor than usual with Mr. Colman, and the delicate pencilling of the pale-gold cirrus about the setting sun contrasts finely with the purple mass of the heavy nimbus cloud, which, from its gradation, recalls the skies of Turner to one's mind. There may be some monotony in the main forms when viewed from a distance, but the whole picture strikes us as one of Colman's best recent productions. It is without the *pretentiousness* which has been painfully conspicuous in his works of the past few years, and has more of the fresh feeling of Nature, which, though not art strictly, in great measure makes pictures valuable to own, and always interesting to their owners.

157. "Lake Conesus," by Kensett. Scarcely any interpretation of any variety of Nature by Kensett ever comes amiss, and, whenever we see a new subject treated by him, we always wish that he would paint all the different phases of at least American scenery. Byron's poetry, and Shelley's, and Wordsworth's, "add the gleam" to what they sketch, and it seems to us that Kensett, in an eminent degree, will give the charm of association of ideas to every different phase of American scenery that passes through the crucible of his imagination. This little, quiet, gray Lake of Conesus, one of the large cluster of the same sort of lakes and landscapes in Western New York, about which Americans know so little, and yet which are as lovely as the lakes of Westmoreland, or almost any in their pastoral loveliness which poets have made famous, deserves to be subjected to the test of such an artist's alchemy as that of Mr. Kensett. The lake, with its border of low hills, and large, drooping, autumn-hued trees, lies before us—a crystallized memory of the same sort of a day which we spent sometime ago on its borders. We wish such artists as Kensett would touch and render immortal a great deal more of the almost unknown region of this country.

To anybody familiar with mountain-scenery in autumn or winter, James M. Hart's "Winter in the Adirondacks" recalls the days, when, wrapped up in great-coats and furs, and seated by the driver on the top of a White-Mountain stage-coach, you have rattled over the frozen earth, or creaked quietly along the slightly-thawed ground. In this picture of Hart's, dark masses of the Adirondack Mountains rise before you, their blue sides broken by patches of

snow, ragged and half-seen through the leafless branches of the bare trees, which cover the hill-sides nearly to their summit. You can almost feel the quiet, thin air from the blue December sky, and the dreary mountains, as in imagination you drive down the road over the hill-side—the bare trees and

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along"—

mixed with straggling patches of snow at the side of the road, have the true smack of half-frozen December and March days, and the impression is made still more vivid of the weather and time of year by the absence of sunshine anywhere; the light only coming through a broad patch of what may be a snow-cloud later in the day, and from the cold, still, blue sky. As a work of art this painting is well colored; beautiful purples and blues in it are mingled with many rich tones of brown; the drawing is also quite good; and the study of Nature most obviously faithful.

Wandering through the south room of the Academy, the visitor returns often to stand before a quiet English scene, so idyllic as to seem an embodiment of one of Tennyson's poems, and so excellent in tone and thoroughly well drawn that no lover of art could pass it without high praise.

The scene is painted by A. F. Bellows, and is called "A Sunday in Devonshire." It represents a country-road between thatched cottages and a willow-bordered stream on one side, which might be the one where her lover first caught sight of the "miller's daughter:"

"Then leaped a trout. In lazy mood
I watched the little circles die,
They passed into the level flood.

I loved the brimming wave that roams
Through quiet meadows round the mill.
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still."

Great light-flecked English elm-trees stand about the houses, and, through the warm, sunny air, they rise at different distances, growing gray and flat under the soft atmosphere which lies between them and the near foreground. Pearly masses of cloud float in the quiet blue heavens, saturated with light, which catches on the wings of doves circling about the dove-cotes, on the brown and yellowish wisps of straw on the eaves of the cottages and among the leaves of the trees. The church-spire fades away in the sunny distance, and down the streets groups of people are wending their way toward it.

The picture is remarkable for its perfect "keeping." Though it is nearly all painted in solid color, without resorting to glazings or any of the arts which bring a picture into harmony, not a point strikes the beholder as crude or conspicuous above the rest; but browns, grays, and the positive colors, all merge and harmonize into one of the pleasantest and sweetest of landscapes.

Among the good landscapes, two or three by Louis C. Tiffany are capital studies of color. One by Frederick D. Williams, "Clearing off cold," though a very simple subject—a hill-side, a bit of road, and some wind-tossed trees—is the best of his that we have seen. "Twilight at Dachau"—a small picture—is finely felt both for general harmony of color and in the foliage. "The Genesee Meadows," by J. W. Casilear, is a lovely painting. The trees, sky, and meadows, are exquisitely drawn and colored, and the sentiment is poetical and true. "The Narrows in Lake George," by D. Huntington, is another of the best.

We are very glad to see so many really good paintings by lady artists. Miss Fanny Eliot is represented by one or two paintings of real merit. The delicacy and subtlety of color remind one of Colman and a little of S. R. Gifford; and Miss Mary Kollock shows a capital feeling and eye for color in a view in Orange County in this State. Miss Kollock's pictures have struck us as remarkably good, both in this exhibition and in those of the lady-artists in the Mercantile-Library Building. A little like Inness and Gay, they are yet more like those of about the best lady-painter of landscapes in this country, Mrs. Sarah Darrah.

To mention all the pictures which are worthy of notice would be impossible in so short a sketch as this, and these imperfect descriptions have no claims to be exhaustive criticisms of even the best pictures of the Exhibition.

SUSAN NICHOLS CARTER.

A
in Lond
and in
eat en
Dis
these a
which
second
lizards
ous fan
besides
others.
rat-sna
specim
Egyptia
The
cases, t
which
in the v
cases g
needed.
the lid
their fo
ness an
to the e
it vigor
snakes
ceremon
panta o
introduc
two Gu
ners, se
the sna
which f
more re
seemed
one of t
neck, an
it in a f
The
way wh
a numbe
not bee
there is
Its victi
posed.
gles to
Not onl
we can
approach
and ever
enclosur
its expl
cept wh
of the p
not so e
The
prey wa
for swa
are the
or three
one fold
to be sa
it. The
treatme
the fold
for some
unwoun
ing it al

SNAKES AT THEIR MEALS.

A WRITER in the English *Naturalist's Note-Book*, who has recently witnessed the feeding of the serpents in the Zoological Gardens in London, says that they are fed once a week, though some of them, and in particular the pythons, do not take their food so often, but will eat enough at a meal to last for weeks, and even for months.

Disregarding the scientific divisions of the order which comprises these animals, we may divide them into three classes: firstly, those which seize their prey with their teeth, and crush it in their folds; secondly, those which seize and swallow it alive, after the manner of lizards; and, thirdly, those which bite, or rather strike it with poisonous fangs. Of the first, the finest examples are the pythons and boas, besides which there are the yellow snakes of the West Indies, and others. Those of the second are fewer in number; they include the rat-snake of Bengal, viperine snake, English snake, etc. The present specimens of the third class include rattlesnakes, and Indian and Egyptian cobras, water-vipers, etc.

The constricting serpents, as we may term them, are kept in large cases, the entrance to which is either by a glass door in the front, which opens by a sliding up, or by a similar contrivance at the back, in the wooden partition. The colubrine snakes are in some of these cases generally, and indeed are so harmless that little precaution is needed. The venomous serpents have no opening but a small one on the lid of the case, about two or three inches square. Through this their food is introduced; and all necessary operations for the cleanliness and order of the interior are performed with a rod of stout wire, to the evident disgust of the occupants, who, if new-comers, strike at it vigorously with their fangs. The first to be fed were the yellow snakes and other species in the same case. The keeper, having unceremoniously removed the blanket, beneath which most of the occupants of the compartment were huddled together, as usual, quickly introduced under the glass door about a dozen sparrows and one or two Guinea-pigs. The former immediately retired to the darkest corners, seeming, however, to be quite unconcerned as to the presence of the snakes, as in some cases they stood on the bodies of the latter, which for the most part remained motionless. The Guinea-pigs were more restless, moving slowly about as if in search of food. They seemed to be preferred by the snakes to the sparrows; and presently one of the reptiles, waiting his opportunity, seized a Guinea-pig by the neck, and, jerking it nearer, threw two or three folds round it, killing it in a few seconds.

The other snakes rapidly dispatched the sparrows in the same way when seized; but they were apparently in no hurry, as there was a number of the birds in one corner for more than an hour, which had not been touched during that time. It may be well to remark that there is nothing revolting in the spectacle of a serpent taking its food. Its victim suffers neither the mental nor bodily torture ordinarily supposed. When seized, it is killed without delay, especially if it struggles to escape; and before its seizure it is never conscious of danger. Not only is this well known to those in charge of the creatures, but we can verify it from actual and careful observation. A rabbit will approach a snake out of mere curiosity, and, after sniffing at its head, and even being touched by its tongue, will start to another part of the enclosure, and resume its composure, returning again in the course of its explorations to the same snake without the least uneasiness, except what arises from a want of cabbage-leaves and the indigestibility of the gravel flooring. Guinea-pigs show even less concern, and are not so easily startled by any moving object.

The snakes which had seized the sparrows, etc., waited till their prey was quite dead before they uncoiled, and began slowly to prepare for swallowing it. The pythons, which occupy an adjoining case, and are the largest serpents in the collection, were next supplied with two or three ducks. The largest python instantly seized one, and threw one fold round it. He then remained perfectly motionless, appearing to be satisfied with having secured the bird, and did not at once kill it. The duck did not seem at first much concerned at such unusual treatment, but soon became restless, on which the python tightened the fold, and in about a minute had quite destroyed it. Having waited for some minutes, as if to make sure that life was extinct, he slowly unwound his coil from the body, and touched it with his muzzle, moving it about till he had found the head. The idea of lubrication with

saliva, now quite exploded, evidently arose from this habit of feeling over the body with the mouth. Having taken the head into his mouth, he began to swallow the carcass, his jaws stretching to an immense extent to allow of its passage. When he found any difficulty, he used the part of his body which lay nearest to it to push it gently, and, considering the apparent difficulty, was not long in completing his meal. The supply of food is never stinted, and we believe that it is not uncommon for a python to devour six or eight ducks and rabbits on one day. Of course a full meal takes a long period to digest, as is the case with all reptiles.

The colubrine snakes might with propriety be termed legless lizards, as, with the exception of the want of limbs, they are in most respects similar in structure to the saurians. A fine, lively specimen of the Bengal rat-snake was fed with half a dozen frogs, which he pursued with great speed round the enclosure, and, driving them one by one into a corner, seized and swallowed them in spite of their struggles.

The keeper having put two young Guinea-pigs into the case containing the rattlesnakes, one of the snakes instantly struck at that nearest to him. The action of a venomous serpent in wounding an animal cannot strictly be called a bite, as, though the fangs undoubtedly represent teeth, the jaws are not closed upon the object struck, which is simply punctured, the snake in most cases retiring immediately. The Guinea-pig almost immediately showed signs of giddiness, but its body did not appear to swell; it seemed to be thrown into violent convulsions, and in about a minute fell helplessly on its side, with no other sign of life than occasional spasmodic motion of the jaws. A larger animal would not have been so soon killed; but as the snakes, being confined, have not often occasion to use their venom, it is probably more powerful than when they are in a wild state. There are a large number of puff-adders in one case; and a Guinea-pig being introduced began sniffing about as usual; but though he was touching one of the reptiles, it did not seem disposed to strike, when suddenly another puff-adder darted at full length from an opposite corner, and, striking the creature, remained with its fangs apparently buried in its flesh, contrary, we believe, to the usual habit of the reptile. His intention was perhaps to prevent any of the others from devouring it.

There are specimens of the two species of cobras, the Indian and Egyptian; perhaps the most interesting of all serpents: but, on account of their excitable nature, it has been found necessary to hide them partially from view by filling the lower half of the case-front with ground-glass, so that it is not easy to observe them. The appearance of the cobra when about to give the fatal stroke is graceful, and yet terrible to see. The inflated hood, the waving motion of the head, and the peculiar expression of the eye, combine to impress the observer of its consciousness of the deadly power which it possesses, and with which it threatens any living creature that dares approach it.

SONNET.

To

(Paraphrased from the Italian of Redi, 1532.)

THY path leads skyward, where Fame's uppermost height
The sun-dawn clasps! Mine downward toward the gloom
Of unknown shades! For thee all roses bloom
Of life and art—for me but flowers of night:
The gales grow gentler, the bright ways more bright,
As—buoyed by each brief pause—thou dost resume
Thy radiant journey, while dark clouds of doom
Rain on my path Avernian, bale and blight!
To thee each cordial hour rich largess brings
And consummation of supreme desires;
Each toil uplifts thee, as with heaven-bound wings,
To me wan Ruin cometh and slow Despair,
With ghosts of passion crowned by flickering fires,
And phantom hopes that fade in twilight air!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

TABLE-TALK.

IN the London *Spectator* we find a very interesting essay on the "Artistic Feeling of the Lower Animals," prompted by the theory of Mr. Darwin that the striking beauty of the plumage of birds, and the rich colors of certain other animals, have arisen from so marked a preference among these creatures for beauty of exterior that the more beautiful have always been able to secure more eligible mates than the less beautiful, and hence, during a vast number of generations, there has been a gradual accumulation of beauties in the species. But, in accepting this theory, how are we to account for the fact that the development of color in animals is always toward a perfectly artistic harmony? "There seems no reason to doubt," says the *Spectator*, "that birds are extremely susceptible to the effect of beauty of plumage and voice, and are jealous of the same attractions in their rivals. Admitting Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, only conceive what refined and finely-developed taste it implies in these birds at once to prefer those variations of plumage and voice that tend to perfect harmony of effect! If we notice the preferences of the least-cultivated classes of civilized human beings in relation to color—say the ordinary preferences of English sailors or English maid-servants—we might safely assume that they would not be directed toward perfect harmony of color and perfect grace of form, but rather to startling and blotchy effects in both color and form. But the splendidly-colored snakes and birds of tropical forests, however grand their colors, are never what our taste would call vulgarly colored, never coarsely patched with frightful patterns, such as you constantly see on gaudy gowns, showy wall-papers, and glaring carpets. Yet, if the tastes of snakes and birds be not of a wonderfully delicate and cultivated character, how are we to accept Mr. Darwin's theory? Why is the order of development always from less beautiful to more, instead of in the reverse direction toward gaudy vulgarity and detestable splendor? 'The elongated and golden-orange plumes which spring from beneath the wings of the *Paradisæa apoda*,' says Mr. Darwin, 'when vertically erected and made to vibrate, are described as forming a sort of halo, in the centre of which the head looks like a little emerald sun, with its rays formed by the two plumes. In another most beautiful species the head is bald and of a rich cobalt hue, crossed by several lines of black velvety feathers.' Well, why did not development of the plumage most pleasing to these little creatures bring out instead something as ugly as the British matron's orange turban, surmounting a rich salmon-colored silk dress? Mr. Darwin accounts most ingeniously for the wonderful development of rich plumage—if he only gave us any equally adequate account of the wonderful development of animal taste. How did the preferences of the various tribes of creatures happen to select harmonies so perfect, when the rudimentary tastes of partially civilized human beings seem to select ornament so hideous?" This singular and certainly interesting problem the *Spectator* proceeds to solve by showing that, as in case

of instinct, when reason begins to supersede it, we gain a far higher and wider power—the power of laying the intellectual basis of our own rules—at the expense of a great specific loss of practical skill. No one supposes that the hexagonal cells of bees are built by true bee engineers who have studied the trigonometry of the subject, and yet men who have studied it would be puzzled to build so perfectly. Something of the same kind is probably true of the sense of beauty. The Creator clearly gives to the lower order of animals an instinct of beauty ready made, which we lose as we become competent to apprehend its laws, and which we only recover by mastering consciously those laws of harmony which the bird apprehends instinctively. "The instinctive taste for beauty in animals," continues the *Spectator*, "which is so much greater than that of half-educated human beings, and which is only painfully recovered through the laborious study of Nature by educated intelligences, must come from a fountain of infinite love of beauty, and cannot by any possibility be the mere result of a competitive struggle for existence among animals quite unconscious whether the issue of that struggle tends."

— The recent brutal murder of a citizen in a street-car, whose sole provocation of the assault was a resentment of the assassin's impertinences toward ladies in his charge, has elicited not only intense indignation, but many expressions of well-founded apprehensions as to the safety of persons who are compelled to travel in these vehicles. The outrageous fact that the murderer of Mr. Putnam was in part aided and abetted by the driver and conductor of the car, has called forth no little just denunciation of the officers of the railroad-lines, under whose management such things are rendered possible. Here was a citizen assaulted unto death directly by the coöperation of the car-driver, and as a consequence of the flagrant indifference of the conductor. But this murder is only the crowning act of a long series of abuses which the New-York public have endured at the hands of car-officials, whose insolence and brutality have become proverbial. But in the indignation excited by Mr. Putnam's murder, and in the general demand for a sharp and prompt reform, we have seen no practical suggestions as to the remedy needed. This, we conceive, should be radical in order to be effectual. The public of New York are brought more frequently into contact with car-conductors than with any other class of public servants. Ladies and children are continually dependent on them for protection. The number which at any given moment are under their care, is very large—probably, during the principal hours of traffic, as many as ten or fifteen thousand. This shows how important it is that car-travel should be safe and orderly. Now, the only method to secure these ends is to adopt a plan which we are under the impression has recently been put in practice in one of our sister cities, and organize the entire body of car-conductors as a police—uniformed and disciplined like a police, having the same power to enforce order and to make arrests that the police have, and be amenable to the same strict discipline that the police are. This might be brought about by a law requir-

ing that every car-conductor should be licensed by the Police Commissioners, or by legislative enactments, which have been suggested frequently, placing the whole direction of the car-lines under the control of a government commission. Whatever may be the method, let the thing be done. While this plan would give more power to conductors than now, it would lead to the selection of a better class of men—which, to secure, better pay should be given—and render each man strictly amenable to a rigid discipline. There would be protection then for ourselves and families, and direct redress in case of insolence or neglect of duty on the part of the official. In the coming years the necessity of a well-regulated car-system will become more and more important and urgent. Our citizens cannot always in their comings and goings be at the mercy of a rude, ill-bred set of barbarians. We hope our contemporaries of the daily press will see the advantage of our proposal, and be induced to urge its adoption upon the powers that be.

— A correspondent of one of our daily papers suggests that statues to such worthies as Columbus, Hudson, Peter Stuyvesant, DeWitt Clinton, and others identified either with the discovery and settlement of the continent, or with the development of our greatness, be erected within the numerous small triangular enclosures in our city, which our commissioners have recently been trimming up and setting in order. The idea is a good one. But who is to erect these statues? If we wait for government, we may rest assured that the work will never be done. Nor is it clear that the erection of statues is exactly within the province of government. In America, all enterprises of the kind ought to be undertaken by private hands. Now, if a Metropolitan Art Association were organized and chartered, which should have in view the adornment of the city in the way proposed, we believe that sufficient funds for the purpose would be contributed by our citizens. Whatever adds to the beauty and attraction of the city, adds to the population and draws more numerous visitors, thereby increasing the value of property, and advancing the general prosperity. Our wealthy citizens would, no doubt, in full realization of these facts, contribute liberally for such ends as the association would have in view, and funds could also be raised by public entertainments, such as fairs, concerts, art exhibitions, etc. Such an art association would not need to limit its labor to the erection of statues; fountains, monuments, towers, and all forms of ornamental architecture of a purely art character, would be within its scope to attempt. The association should be composed of responsible and well-known citizens, and the execution of its designs should be intrusted to those of the best art-culture. The idea we offer is entirely practicable, if taken hold of with sufficient energy. No very large sum would be needed for the initial efforts of such an organization, and the erection of one successful statue would immediately enlist a very general interest in the purposes of the association.

— It is proposed in London to suppress street-mendicancy by giving the police power

to arrive
ceiver
was in
Charles
vocation
easier
against
cater
annual
tress,
giving
not be
magist
sense
against
before
courts
our sh
jurious
if he s
by a la
conver
obstin
alms-g
we lik
the beg
surpris

of hav
extenu
mitted,
pense
failing
formed
were n
comfor
This lo
been a
prejudi
too-am
dock-w
leisure
unequal
did not
take hi
remove
often a
very be
man so
have en
have be

peasant
afford
children
agricul
reversa
this poi
regardi
his exp
haps w
land m
ing to
so. An
here be
ciple in
tain ch
pugnanc
means
ter at
former
should

to arrest the giver of alms as well as the receiver of them. A similar law, it is said, was in operation under Henry VII., and Sir Charles Trevelyan has been conspicuously advocating a reenactment of the decree. "It is easier," thinks one commentator, "to clamor against such a law than to show why an educated person, aware that enormous sums are annually paid for the lawful relief of real distress, deserved or undeserved, and that almsgiving fosters all kinds of imposition, should not be mildly and formally reproved by a magistrate for sinning against common-sense." If every man or woman, "sinning against common-sense," should be summoned before a magistrate for reproof, our police-courts would soon be more numerous than our shops. Alms-giving may be quite as injurious as Sir Charles Trevelyan thinks, but, if he should make an attempt to suppress it by a law such as he suggests, he would soon convert the entire community, out of sheer obstinacy, into persistent and even belligerent alms-givers. "Sha'n't we do with our own as we like?" would be a new watchword, and the beggars would fatten on the sudden and surprising harvest.

— A gentleman in London, found guilty of having three wives at once, pleaded in extenuation that no offence had been committed, inasmuch as he had been at the expense of maintaining them all. Instead of failing in his duty as a husband, he had performed it three times over, and he asked if it were not nobler to support three wives in comfort than to abandon one in indigence. This logic, which in certain places would have been so conclusive, failed to convince the prejudiced and unenlightened court, and the too-ambitious reasoner and too-many Benedick was sent to digest his argument at his leisure under lock and key. With what an unequal hand is justice dispensed! Why did not our eloquent and clear-headed pleader take his wives to Utah? Or why did not he remove to Indiana, where he might marry as often as he pleased, with only the slight and very brief interposition of divorce-suits? A man so anxious to overdo his duty ought to have emigrated to shores where his zeal would have been understood.

— It is stated that among the Scotch peasantry the laborers hold that they cannot afford to marry unless they are sure to have children, so valuable is juvenile labor in agricultural districts. Here is a surprising reversal of the current economic doctrine on this point. As the poor are accused of disregarding the admonitions of Malthus and his expounders out of sheer obstinacy, perhaps with equal obstinacy the poor in Scotland may be refusing to marry, when, according to all law of economy, they ought to do so. And yet the humane reasoner would just here be anxious to see the Malthusian principle introduced. Marrying in order to obtain children as a source of profit is more repugnant than imprudent marriages without means to support children. In the latter enter at least certain human affections; in the former there is a cold calculation that we should hate to see general. When the mo-

tive for bringing offspring into the world becomes not parental affection but profit, human nature will have sunk low indeed.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

Sir: Allow me to correct some inaccuracies in Mr. Morgan's article on "Oxford." He says that "there are two grades of students in the English universities, first the 'fellow-commoners,' and second the 'commoners,' of whom the first sit at the Fellows' table and pay a higher rate. . . . The titled gentlemen are expected to enter as fellow-commoners, and the untitled as commoners, although either course is free to all. . . . So overshadowing is the law of caste in this country that I presume an untitled gentleman would not presume to enter himself as a fellow-commoner," etc.

The first error here is confusing the terms proper to the universities. These are respectively, at Cambridge, *fellow-commoners* and *pensioners*; at Oxford, *gentlemen-commoners* and *commoners*. (*Noblemen* form a distinct class at both universities, usually eldest sons of peers, sometimes peers in their own right.) The second mistake is Mr. Morgan's fancy that the fellow-commoner is always a titled man. *The very reverse is the case.* The fellow-commoner proper, who wears a cap, is always a man without a handle to his name. There is, indeed, a *hat-fellow-commoner*; this variety of the species is an "Honorable." I believe there is nothing at Oxford answering to this Cambridge subdivision, so that many of the gentlemen-commoners there are honorables (younger sons or grandsons of noblemen, having this title by courtesy, not in law); but others are not.

Neither does an honorable necessarily enter as hat-fellow-commoner. Many of them are pensioners, both on account of the difference in expense, and because the college honors, which are also emoluments—namely, the scholarships and fellowships—are not open to fellow-commoners. Being a fellow-commoner at Cambridge merely presumes wealth; it does not necessarily imply even that—at least not great wealth. One of the Trinity fellow-commoners in my time had been a colonial editor, and afterward became a master of a public school. Men who go into the Church comparatively late in life (say thirty or older) are generally fellow-commoners at the smaller colleges, because they prefer to associate with men of their own age, and at Cambridge fellows, fellow-commoners and noblemen, sit together; whereas, at an Oxford college, every class, even if comprising only one member, has a table to itself! I began at Trinity as a fellow-commoner, in order to have the Fellows' society, but afterward turned pensioner for reasons already intimated; it cost less, and I wanted to get a scholarship.

Mr. Morgan also says: "It would be natural to suppose that the million dollars of annual income would cheapen education at the several colleges of this university; that it would make tuition and room-rent substantially free, or at least free to the poorer class of students, but it does not seem to take this direction."

I am unable to state exactly the nature of the allowances made to the servitors (that is, I believe, the Oxford term corresponding to the Cambridge sizar), but they must be considerable, otherwise these young men would hardly present themselves *in forma pauperis*. The education of the Cambridge sizars is certainly very much cheapened. At Trinity they are fed

for nothing, taught for half price, and (I think, but am not quite sure) lodged at a reduced rate. At St. John's they are still better provided for. Scholarships, studentships, and exhibitions, do certainly also "cheapen education." I suspect there is not a single college in either university, having poor students, which does not make ample provision for them. Some of the colleges have no poor students, such as Downing, at Cambridge, All Souls' (which has no undergraduates at all), and (I presume) Christchurch, and some of the Botany-Bay halls at Oxford.

While I am writing to you, I may as well append two remarks on Mr. Crane's paper, "American Patroxyms" (the accuracy of the title may be questioned, but that is not one of them). He evidently considers *Skyler* the Dutch pronunciation of Schuyler. The Dutch *ck* is a fearful guttural, scarcely to be pronounced by an Anglo-Saxon, wherefore it was modified into the nearest corresponding sharp, just as the French change the old guttural Spanish *x* into *k*, and say *Keres* for *Xeres*. One of the Dutch dialects (according to Mr. A. J. Ellis) gives to *ck* a sound resembling *r* or *hr*, but the usual force of the combination is guttural.

Mr. Crane thinks it something ridiculous that a family should be supposed to have the same name as a town. Yet this is one of the most common origins of family names, especially in a colonized country like ours. A man who has the same name as several others is further distinguished by adding the place whence he came, and this, being the most prominent part of his appellation, ends by absorbing the original family name. The first Brevoort in New York was a Jansen who came from the fortified town of Brevoort, or Bredevoort (= Bradford) in Holland. Some very curious English names are derived from places. *Venus* was originally *Venice*; probably the first bearer of the name either traded with or had lived in the Italian city.

C. A. BRISTED.

Literary Notes.

"FRAGMENTS of Science for Unscientific People," by Professor Tyndall, which will appear in May from the press of D. Appleton & Co., is a collection of the various essays by Professor Tyndall that have from time to time appeared in the English periodicals, many of them, on the occasion of their appearance, exciting a profound sensation. The collection gives us some of the best productions of one of the most brilliant and interesting of living writers. Dr. Tyndall occupies a unique and remarkable position in the world of thought. Ranking high in science as an original explorer, safe, cautious, and trustworthy, in his statements, he at the same time stands, perhaps, equally high in his literary accomplishments. His language is notably clear, vivid, and eloquent. He has a marvellous power of painting with words, and he goes with his pen where pencil and brush can never go. With his magical descriptive power he brings out the most abstract subjects and the subtlest order of invisible changes, so that they stand before the eye of the imagination with all the visible sharpness of stereoscopic perspective. Tyndall is also a man of enthusiasm, and his writings are tinged with a glow of feeling which stirs the noblest sentiments of his readers. Though dealing with subjects commonly thought dry and repulsive, he lifts them out of the prosaic into the poetic, and, in fact, more than any other living man,

he is the poet of science in our age. In another respect, the "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People," is a very extraordinary book. The range of its subjects is as broad as the scope of modern thought. To Professor Tyndall science is not the mere collecting and labelling of specimens, or the heaping up of endless curious observations. It is nothing less than the disclosure of the Divine order of the world—a revelation of the beauty, harmony, and vital interdependence of all truth. From the dynamics of atoms to the eternal sweep of cosmical forces, he passes without break of continuity, so that his science becomes philosophy, and all his discussions are knit together through the unity and correlations of a universal system of law. Though not aggressive, and never wantonly disturbing men's prejudices, Professor Tyndall, nevertheless, presses his conclusions with unflinching fidelity.

The London *Spectator*, speaking of Trollope's "Ralph the Heir," remarks: "Perhaps there is scarcely any intellectual luxury to which the British public is now accustomed, that it would miss so much as the serials produced by Mr. Trollope's unwearied and unwearied genius. How much knowledge of life, appreciation of its humor, experience of its paradoxes, and mastery of its lessons, is gained at second-hand through Mr. Trollope by men and women who would hardly gain it at all, and certainly not gain any thing like the same amount of it, in any other way, it would not be easy to conjecture; and assuredly any conjecture would be much more likely to fall short of the truth than to exceed it. Which of us can say that we know even our own circle of friends, political and social, half as well as we have learned within the last twelve-month to know Sir Thomas Underwood and his daughters and niece, his ward Ralph, and his ward's cousins; the old squire, Gregory Newton; the Eardham girls, and their scheming mamma; Mr. Griffenbottom, the corrupt M. P. for corrupt Percyross; Mr. Trigger, the Conservative agent for that corrupt borough; and Messrs. Pile, Spicer, Pabsey, and Co., the various leading Conservative constituents of the same corrupt place; or that we know the heart of any person at all resembling the breeches-maker of Conduit Street, nearly as completely as we know that of Mr. Needt, with the pertinacious and half-pathetic workings of whose vulgar but tough little ambition we have been becoming more and more intimate every month for the last year! To the mass of men, such a novel as 'Ralph the Heir' brings not only a very large increase in their experience of men, but a very much larger increase than their own personal contact with the prototypes, if prototypes there be, of these personages, would ever have afforded them." "Ralph the Heir" will be published in book-form by Harper & Brothers, uniform with their other issues of Trollope's novels.

Arthur Helps has published "Conversations on War and General Culture," in which the reader is admitted once more to the society of the "Friends in Council," and are invited to listen to certain conversations which are supposed to have taken place last summer, soon after the commencement of the Prussian invasion of France. "Culture" and "War" are the principal themes of these conversations, but there are frequent digressions, and almost every matter of current discussion is talked about. The necessity of a wider and more general culture in modern society, and the evils and iniquities of war, are enforced in the conversations with singular eloquence. "The 'Friends in Council,'" says the *Saturday Re-*

view, "are as free from monotony and dullness as when they first communicated their lucubrations to the world," and the *Athenaeum* asserts that "Mr. Helps has lost none of his power of writing easy and agreeable dialogues."

Michel Levy, the Parisian publisher, has preserved all the manuscripts of the books which Alexandre Dumas wrote himself. The collection is superbly bound, and looks inside as if it had been written by a teacher of penmanship. Dumas wrote a very fine hand, and hardly ever changed a word in his manuscript. He used to say laughingly to his friends that, as soon as people would get tired of reading his books, he would open a school for penmanship.

Octave Feuillet has written two novels. One is called "Eudoxie," and the leading personage in it is believed to be the Empress Eugénie, with whom Feuillet was intimately acquainted since the year 1848. He always was the favorite novelist of the ex-empress.

Hacklander's famous fairy tales, it has been discovered, were not original productions, as the author claimed, but translations from the work of an obscure Italian author named Cavalli, who died in the year 1805 at Milan.

Booksellers in Germany complain bitterly of the indifference with which the public in that country receives the numerous histories of the recent war. Thus far, it is said, only one of those works has paid expenses.

Kattkoff, the publisher of the celebrated *Moscow Gazette*, offers to pay ten thousand rubles for the best novel, written either in Russian, French, or German, on a Russian subject.

Foreign Items.

THE insurgents in Paris burned the whole collection of Napoleonic relics and curiosities belonging to Prince Napoleon, and which he had not had time to remove to London. The collection was exceedingly valuable, and it had taken the prince nearly thirty years to gather it. It contained, among other curious things, the private travelling library of Napoleon I., with many marginal notes by the emperor himself. The prince intended at one time to publish a collection of these notes, but Napoleon III. would not permit it.

The Emperor Francis Joseph was presented recently by a Galician Jew with an exceedingly fine and very valuable opal. Fifteen minutes afterward the emperor discovered that some one had stolen the precious stone, which he had placed in a casket on his table. Only four persons, all of them belonging to the highest aristocracy, were in the room with the emperor. The opal was not recovered.

The Italian papers deplore the death of Adelaide Cairoli, the patriotic lady of Pavia, to whom the Italian Parliament several years ago voted the thanks of the nation for her devotion to the cause of Italy, as a national loss. Signora Cairoli lost a large family of sons in the wars for the unification of the country, and left her large fortune to the poor of Pavia and Rome.

Prince Bismarck has refused the sum of one million dollars which the leaders of the liberal party in the German Parliament offered to appropriate for him out of the French indemnity fund. In his reply the prince stated that he had as much money as he needed, and, in fact, more than any of his ancestors had ever possessed.

Fanny Lewald, the German authoress, whose books are more popular among the cultivated classes of her countrymen than those of any other German authoress, said recently to a friend that, although she had written a great many books, the compensation she had received for them would not have sufficed to save her and her family from starvation.

The former private secretary of General Juan Prim has committed suicide. It is said in Madrid that he took his own life because he was involved in the assassination of his chief. His name was Ignacio Ballero, and he was a man of great literary ability. He wrote all the famous proclamations which Prim issued during the revolution.

The Count de Paris, the so-called "head" of the Orleans family, has purchased a villa near Eisenach, where his mother lived after her expulsion from France in the year 1848. The count's next neighbor is Fritz Reuter, the celebrated Low German novelist.

The water-color paintings of the Empress of Russia, who is an artist of considerable merit, will be exhibited at the principal cities of the empire, for the benefit of the St. Petersburg Orphan Asylum. It is believed that a million rubles can be realized by this exhibition.

It has been discovered that the apparition, the so-called White Lady, at the royal palace in Berlin, where the servants were nearly frightened to death by it, was the work of a mischievous young girl. She will be severely punished for her spectral performances.

The Queen-dowager of Prussia, the consort of Frederick William IV., after being a helpless paralytic for nearly ten years, has suddenly recovered the full faculty of using her limbs again, much to the surprise of her physicians, who had long ago given up her case as hopeless.

In court circles in Munich it is said that King Louis II. has spent nearly the whole private fortune accumulated by his three predecessors on the throne, and that he will soon no longer be able to assist authors and artists as liberally as he has been in the habit of doing.

In the year 1866, when no one had heard yet of Gambetta, Rochefort, who was afterward his colleague, advised Vollemessant of the *Figaro*, for which Gambetta desired to write, not to employ him, because he did not possess sufficient ability.

A man who sold to the Marseilles Library a manuscript volume which he pretended was written by Fouché, Napoleon's minister, but which he was proved to have got up himself, has been sentenced to four years' hard labor.

Biørnson, the Norwegian novelist, has removed to Berlin. He writes German as well as the language of his own country, and will henceforth write exclusively for three German literary papers.

The fortune left by Mirès, the French banker, is said in Marseilles to exceed seventeen million francs. Four times in his long and eventful life he was so poor that, as he himself said, he was barely able to support his family.

The St. Petersburg *Golos* says that the best telegraph operator in that city is a woman, and that so is the most rapid short-hand writer in St. Petersburg.

They say in Berlin that Madame Pauline Lucca, the cantatrice, has more valuable dia-

monds than all the ladies of the imperial family together.

The Princess de Metternich has completed the MSS. of two volumes of "Personal Reminiscences," which will be published this summer in German and French at Vienna.

It has been computed in Germany that the printers of that country lost by their strike last year the sum of 241,000 thalers.

George Sand has, after all, sold her farm at Nohant, and will henceforth reside all the year round at Paris.

The *Neue Wiener Freie Presse* claims to be the most profitable daily paper published on the European Continent.

Frederick von Raumer, the German historian, is dead. He accidentally poisoned himself.

The last words of Admiral Togo were: "I shall fall asleep and never awake any more."

None of the members of the Parisian Commune are able to write correct French.

There are more noblemen than burghers in the German Parliament.

Alfred Meissner's novels have been placed on the pontifical index.

Miscellany.

Modern Fortunes.

THE fortune bequeathed by the late Mr. Brassey, the contractor, is probably the largest which ever passed the English Court of Probate—for the very few estates which exceed his in value are usually transferred by settlement. This fortune is believed to have exceeded seven millions sterling, the personality alone having been sworn under six and a half millions. With the possible exception of an instance in the history of the Rothschild family—a family of whose colossal wealth everybody talks, while nobody knows very much—and the doubtful exception of Mr. Vanderbilt, reported by New-York gossips to possess nearly a hundred million of dollars—this is certainly the largest amount of money ever accumulated by one man by industry and enterprise, during his own lifetime, and its bulk suggests that some great change must have passed over the fortune-making capabilities of business-men. The area of their operations must in some way or other have been enormously increased, until they resembled the operations of a government rather than those of an individual, until, as it were, they must be enabled to secure the services of entire armies of faithful agents. We believe this to have been the case, and to be due to the operation of two causes, one of them entirely good in its action, the other and more important one very doubtful. The national boundaries formerly fixed to speculation are rapidly disappearing. Supposing that an able man with a talent for business of almost any kind can secure a sufficiency of competent and trustworthy agents, there is no necessity for limiting his work to one country. He can repeat himself, as it were, as often as he pleases, and repeating himself implies a repetition of his profits. Mr. Brassey can only build one railway at a time, be the profit never so great, just as one ambassador can only be in one capital on one day; but Mr. Brassey, controlling a hundred Mr. Brasseys, can guide them as the foreign office guides envoys, and do the same work and acquire the same profits in England, France,

India, and America, all at once. Nothing can stop him except an insufficiency of agents, and it is just at this time that the reservoir of agency has begun to widen and deepen. In many departments of life individualism has ceased to pay, the able man with little capital getting more and rising higher by entering the service of some commanding capitalist. The capitalist can pay him as a premier is paid, and is willing to pay him, because he is able thoroughly to trust him. The greatest of all obstacles to an unlimited employment of agents was once the fear of rivalry. "If," said the employer, "I make that man as competent as myself, he may set up for himself and take some of my business away." The agent, however, of a man like Mr. Brassey, has none of that temptation. If he set up for himself, he could not do the same business—business profitable mainly on account of its scale—and, if he could, it would, considering the risk, scarcely be worth his while. If he is the kind of man who succeeds, his employer will see that it is made worth his while to succeed for him instead of for himself, to use vast means for another instead of small means on his own account. The agent is bound to fidelity by every vulgar as well as every lofty motive, and his employer no more fears his rivalry than the Hohenzollerns fear that of Bismarck or Von Moltke. Of course, when ability seeks service as more profitable than independence, able agents, willing always to be agents, become plentiful, and there are potentialities of wealth in that new relation of agent and master almost beyond the dreams of avarice. If a man of ability and capital can do one thing best, and can secure such agents, nothing prevents him from doing that one thing for the whole world, drawing the whole profit of that branch of dealing, or manufacture, or enterprise, throughout the entire world, and so realizing a fortune never yet heard of.

Gran'ma al'ars does.

I wants to mend my wagon,
And has to have some nails,
Jus' two, free'll be plenty,
We're going to haul our rails.
The splendiendest cob-fences
We're making ever was,
I wish you'd help us find them—
Gran'ma al'ars does.

My horse's name is Betsey,
She jumped and broke her head;
I put her in the stable,
And fed her milk and bread.
The stable's in the parlor,
We didn't make no muss,
I wish you'd let it stay there—
Gran'ma al'ars does.

I'se going to the corn-field,
To ride on Charley's plough,
I'spees he'd like to have me,
I wants to go right now.
Oh, won't I "gee up" awful,
And "whoa" like Charley whos,
I wish you wouldn't bozzer—
Gran'ma never does.

I wat at some bread-and-butter,
I'se hungry worstest kind,
But Taddy musn't have none,
'Cause she wouldn't mind.
Put plenty sugar on it,
I tell you what, I knows
It's right to put on sugar—
Gran'ma al'ars does.

Over the Ocean.

Curtis Guild's new book, "Over the Ocean," is one of the liveliest volumes of for-

sign travel that has been issued from the press for some time. The following extract gives the author's impressions of London streets:

"I thought my experiences in New York streets had prepared me for London; but on emerging into the London streets for the first time I found my mistake. I was fairly stunned and bewildered by the tremendous rush of humanity that poured down through Oxford street, through Holborn, on to the city, or otherwise down toward White Chapel, Lombard Street, the Bank, and the Exchange.

"Great omnibuses, drawn by three horses abreast, thundered over the pavement; four-wheel cabs, or 'four-wheelers,' a sort of compressed American carriages, looking as though resuscitated from the last stages of dissolution, rattled here and there; the Hansom cabs, those most convenient of all carriages, dashed in and out, hither and thither, in the crowd of vehicles; great brewery drays, with horses like elephants, plodded along with their loads; the sidewalks swarmed with a moving mass of humanity, and many were the novelties that met my curious eye.

"The stiff, square costume of the British merchant; little boys of ten, with beaver hats like men; Lord Dundrearys with eye-glasses such as I had never seen before, except upon the stage at the theatre; ticket-porters with their brass labels about their necks; policemen in their uniform; officers and soldiers in theirs; all sorts of costermongers with every thing conceivable to sell, and all sorts of curious vehicles, some with wood enough in them for three of a similar kind in America.

"The drivers of the London omnibuses feel the dignity of their position—they do. It is the conductor who solicits passengers, takes the pay, and regulates the whole business of the establishment. The driver, or rather the 'coachman,' drives; he wears a neat top-coat, a beaver hat, and a pair of driving-gloves; he drives with an air. You can attract his attention from the sidewalk, and he will 'pull up,' but he does it with a sort of calm condescension; the conductor or cad, on the other hand, is ever on the alert; his eyes are in every direction; he signals a passenger in the crowd invisible to all but him; he continually shouts the destination of his vehicle, but sometimes in a patois unintelligible except to the native Londoner. As for instance, I was once standing in Holborn, waiting for a 'bus for the Bank; one passed, which from its inscription I did not recognize, the conductor ejaculating, as he looked on every side, 'Abink-Wychiple, Binkwychiple,' when suddenly he detected us in the throng, and marked us as strangers looking for a 'bus; in a twinkling he was down from his perch, and upon the sidewalk.

"'Binkwychiple!'

"'I want to go to the Bank,' said I.

"'All right sir; 'ere you are.'

"He gave a shrill whistle, which caused the driver who was sixty feet away, to stop, hurried us both into the vehicle, slammed-to the door, and, taking off his hat with mock politeness to a rival 'bus that had nearly overtaken him, said 'Can't wait for you, sir: drive on, Bob;' and on we went to our destination.

"Another 'bus conductor puzzled me by shouting 'Simmetry-Ez, Simmetry-Ez, Simmetry-Ez,' until the expression was translated into 'St. Mary's Axe,' the locality alluded to. These conductors are generally sharp, quick-witted, and adepts at 'chaff' and blackguardism, and it is good advice to the uninitiated to beware 'chaffing' them, as in nine cases out of ten the cad gets the best of it.

"The Hansom cabs are the best and most

convenient vehicles that can possibly be used for short excursions about the city. A shilling will carry you a smart fifteen minutes' ride, the legal price being sixpence a mile, but nobody ever expects to give a cabman less than a shilling for ever so short a ride. Eighteen pence is readily accepted for a three-mile trip, and it costs no more for two persons than one. There being nothing between the passenger and the horse but the dasher, as the driver is perched up behind, an unobstructed view is had as you whirl rapidly through the crowded streets; and the cheapness of the conveyance, added to its adaptability for the purpose that it is used, makes an American acknowledge that in this matter the English are far in advance of us, and also to wonder why these convenient vehicles have not displaced the great, cumbersome, two-horse carriages which even a single individual is compelled to take in an American city if he is in a hurry to go to the railway station or to execute a commission, and which cost nearly as much for a trip of a mile as would engage a Hansom in London for half a day.

"There has been much said in the London papers about the impositions of the cab-drivers; but I must do them the justice to say I saw little or none of it; making myself acquainted with the legal rate, I found it generally accepted without hesitation. If I was in doubt about the distance, instead of adopting the English plan of keeping the extra sixpence, I gave it, and so cheaply saved disputes.

"Coming out from the theatres, you find privileged porters, who have the right of calling cabs for those who want them, besides numerous unprivileged ones; boys, who will dart out to where the cabs are—they are not allowed to stand in front of the theatre—and fetch you one in an instant. The driver never leaves his seat, but your messenger opens the cab and shuts you in, shouts your direction to the driver, and touches his cap grateful for the penny or two-pence that you reward him with."

The Egyptian Lotus.

A correspondent in Missouri, noticing in an early number of the JOURNAL a representation of the Egyptian lotus, writes to us as follows:

"I was surprised and pleased to recognize in 'the Egyptian lotus-plant,' an old and loved friend. Several years ago when duck-shooting on the marshes and sloughs along the Missouri River, I first saw the pea-like seed of this plant. The seeds lay thick about the bottoms of the dry ponds, upon the surface, and embedded in the rich, black, loamy soil. The singular, nut-like seed excited my curiosity, and on searching I found one of the light, spongy cushions in which they grow, and which are accurately represented in your illustration. Since that time I have frequently seen the plant growing, and in certain localities in this State it is quite common.

"On seeing your illustration, I referred to such works on our flora as I had, but could not find this plant among the plates, or in the *index*; and thinking it might not be generally known, nor, possibly, even by you, I concluded it would not be impertinent in the cause of science to communicate the fact to you.

"Last September, early in the month, while hunting woodcock and ruffed grouse in the southern edge of Saline County, about twenty miles northwest of this place, I came upon a marsh or pond literally covered by the magnificent leaves of this plant. The pond was about an acre in extent, and presented one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. The round, green leaves, many floating on the surface of the clear water, the ripe and half-ripe cushions of seeds, and the blooming and full-blown flowers, rich, creamy, and of delicate odor; the thick young woods, willows, and hazels, growing luxuriantly around the edges and at a distance from the pond; the sun shining gloriously down, and my fine

pointer galloping in frolic hither and thither through the water in the dense shade—all this was freshly delightful, and I stood half an hour in intense enjoyment on the edge of the water among the flowers. I brought two fine ones away with me, and kept them a week in my room in town. There can be no mistake about this plant and that shown in your illustration being the same. Here the plant is generally nameless, and the only name I ever heard given it was *Fouquepin*, a name unknown in Webster, who gives *Chinquapi*, a shrub well known in Alabama and the Carolinas.

"The shell of the seed is about the twentieth of an inch in thickness, is with difficulty cracked, and the kernel is dry and yellow, with a dry, green germ in the centre. The kernel is sweet to the taste; the germ bitter.

"I gathered a pocketful of the seeds, for many were ripe and dropping out, though other plants were just blooming, and threw them in a gentleman's pond a mile or two this side of where they grew. Whether the plant will grow there I do not know; but most of the apparent conditions of its existence seemed to be at the second place.

"It blooms from the middle of August to the middle of September. The water in which I last saw them growing was stagnant in some places at the margin; but, farther, in the pond was clear and cold, and about two feet in depth. The pond was about two hundred yards from a large creek, and about the same distance from what is called here 'a salt-lick.'

"Perhaps all these particulars are well known; but my pleasure at knowing the Egyptian Lotus-plant grows wild here, is so great, I was anxious to communicate it."

Goethe.

"The thing that jars upon the mind throughout Goethe's life, in his letters, his books—everything he said and did—is the absence of any thing like devotion to any being, human or divine, morally above himself. God he regarded as inscrutable, and as best left to reveal Himself. The future life was not yet. From all men he withdrew himself in a sort of kindly isolation—sympathizing with them, aiding them, helping them against themselves, understanding them, but never making any of them the object of his life. The object of his life, so far as any man can consciously and permanently have one, was the completion of that ground-plan of character presented to the world in Johann Wolfgang Goethe. To perfect this he denied himself much both of enjoyment and real happiness; to keep this ground-plan intact, or to build upon it, he was always ready to sacrifice either himself or anybody else. To this he sacrificed Fredrika's love, Lili's love, and his own love for them—the friendship of any who attempted to interfere with his own modes of self-development; to this he would at any time have sacrificed, had he supposed it needful, the favor of the duke, and his position at court; to this, in fact, his life was one long offering. There was nothing Goethe would not have given up for others, except any iota of what he considered to be his own individuality. To tend that was his idolatry—and that this self-worship grew upon him at Weimar, no one can doubt."

Race.

Physical science is now proving more and more the immense importance of race; the importance of hereditary powers, hereditary organs, hereditary habits, in all organized beings, from the lowest plant to the highest animal. She is proving more and more the omnipresent action of the differences between races; how the more favored race (she cannot avoid using the epithet) exterminates the less favored, or at least expels it, and forces it, under penalty of death, to adapt itself to new circumstances; and, in a word, that competition between every race and every individ-

ual of that race, and reward according to deserts, is (as far as we can see) a universal law of living things. And she says—for the facts of history prove it—that, as it is among the races of plants and animals, so it has been unto this day among the races of men.

The natural theology of the future must take count of these tremendous and even painful facts; and she may take count of them. For Scripture has taken count of them already. It talks continually—it has been blamed for talking so much—of races, of families; of their wars, their struggles, their exterminations; of races favored, of races rejected; of remnants being saved, to continue the race; of hereditary tendencies, hereditary excellences, hereditary guilt. Its sense of the reality and importance of descent is so intense that it speaks of a whole tribe or a whole family by the name of its common ancestor, and the whole nation of the Jews is Israel, to the end. And if we be told this is true of the Old Testament, but not of the New, we must answer "What? Does not St. Paul hold the identity of the whole Jewish race with Israel, their forefather, as strongly as any prophet of the Old Testament? And what is the central historic fact, save one, of the New Testament, but the conquest of Jerusalem—the dispersion, all but destruction of a race, not by miracle, but by invasion, because found wanting when weighed in the stern balances of natural and social law?"

Greenland.

Lieutenant Payer, well known for his geological investigations in the Alps, has lately communicated some facts in regard to discoveries in Greenland by the late German expedition, of which he was a member; and in this he calls attention especially to the probability of the hypothesis that Greenland is essentially a congeries of islands similar to that west of it, and not a huge continental mass, as has been supposed by most authors. One strong evidence of this he considers to be furnished by the deep inlet discovered by the expedition, previously unrecorded on any chart, and which received the name of Emperor Francis Joseph's Fiord. This was found to extend deep into the interior of the land, continually opening into new arms, and widening in places until it was traced out for over one-third of the estimated breadth of Greenland, and without any indication of coming to an end. Indeed, in a southwesterly direction it opened out into what looked like a great basin, into which the fiord itself emptied. The circumstance also that the saltness of the fiords is generally greatly diminished by the fresh-water streams pouring into them, when they are simply *cul-de-sacs*, and the fact that the great Greenland fiord, notwithstanding the enormous addition of fresh water, retained all its saltness, pointed to a maritime communication with the opposite side of the country. Time was not allowed to the party to prosecute the exploration of this supposed strait; but it is believed, as stated, that it finds its opposite opening in Baffin's Bay. Another still more potent argument in favor of the assumption that Greenland is a congeries of islands, and not a continent, was found in the apparent absence of great longitudinal valleys, such as usually characterize continents, these being entirely wanting in the northeastern part of Greenland.

Prices paid for Celebrated Works.

Successful poets nowadays get what are called "fancy prices" for their productions. Mr. Tennyson can always command his price, even for an inferior article; and some people

are ex-
should
poem,
in one
notes
brated
interest
his "I
with a
eight
mous
hundre
compar
times;
same r
fully, t
fifteen
"Vicar
Gay, t
made
while I
ful poet
pounds
Last M
Consta
"Marr
Thoma
realized
"Gertr
guinea
thousan
Melodi
year.
good pe
ble; an
from a
rate pos
—even
ter paid

It is
stealing
the rest
to those
German
were m
Peters's
theolog
stores
attenda
the ven
one day
over his
distinct
paid to
and the
covered
library.
ton is
learning
very ac

A Ma
a
woman
was pr
affirmat
to marry
in, and
ital and
erty of

Miel
man of
very int
of digni
ous an
rises in
appears
is said
sive-loc
winning

are expressing their surprise that Mr. Browning should get one hundred pounds for his new poem, "Hervé Riel," which recently appeared in one of the magazines of the day. Some notes on the remuneration received by celebrated authors dead and gone may not be uninteresting. We all know what Milton got for his "Paradise Lost," namely, five pounds, with five pounds for the second edition, and eight pounds afterward. Dryden, for his famous "Ode on St.-Cecilia's Day," received two hundred and fifty guineas in all—a pretty fair comparison, we think, even with modern times; while Pope, for his poem bearing the same name, and intended, though unsuccessfully, to rival Dryden's masterpiece, got only fifteen pounds. Oliver Goldsmith, for his "Vicar of Wakefield," received sixty pounds. Gay, the author of the "Beggars' Opera," made one thousand pounds by his poems; while Lord Byron—perhaps the most successful poet that ever lived—made fifteen thousand pounds by his works. For his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" Sir Walter Scott received from Constable six hundred pounds, and for his "Marmion" ten hundred and fifty pounds. Thomas Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" realized ten hundred and fifty pounds, and his "Gertrude of Wyoming" sixteen hundred guineas. Crabbe received for his poems three thousand pounds from Murray. The "Irish Melodies" gave Moore five hundred pounds a year. Certainly, in these latter days, really good poets have not had much reason to grumble; and perhaps, although the present is far from a poetical era, and our supply of first-rate poets is at the lowest ebb—passable poetry—even of the ordinary magazine sort—is better paid for than ever it was before.

A Light-fingered Teuton.

It is said when German theologians take to stealing, for, besides being a bad example to the rest of the world, it will furnish a handle to those who have little faith in the efficacy of German theology. Not long since many books were missed from the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, and one Aloys Pichler, a German theologian, was suspected of filching from the stores of literature therein accumulated. An attendant of the library very politely assisted the venerable scholar on with his overcoat one day, and took occasion to pass his hand over his back, where a concealed volume was distinctly felt. An official visit was afterward paid to the studious retreat of Herr Pichler, and there seven thousand volumes were discovered, all of which had been stolen from the library. This erudite but light-fingered Teuton is said to stand very high in the world of learning, and his selection of books indicated very sound taste and judgment.

Varieties.

A Maine paper reports a spiritual marriage, asserting that at a recent "circle" a young woman asked if the spirit of her dead lover was present, and, on being answered in the affirmative, and told, moreover, that he wished to marry her, had a justice of the peace called in, and the ceremony performed. The spiritual and spirited bride now claims the property of the dead man.

Michelet is represented as a white-haired man of seventy-six, with large, hollow eyes, a very intellectual face, a small, bent figure, full of dignity and grace. His conversation is serious and often sad, though now and then it rises into eloquence and brilliancy. His wife appears young enough to be his daughter, and is said to be a very pretty, though rather pensive-looking woman, of singularly sweet and winning manners.

Paris retained much of its gayety during even the worst hours of the siege. The *Gaulois* published, among other things, a restaurant advertisement, as follows:

"Wine at ten sous the litre, et eau-de-vin" or (translatable either "and at higher rates," or "with water on it.")

"Roast beef"—(translatable either "roast beef," or "old horse beef.")

"Rat-gout de mouton"—(translatable either "mutton ragout," or "rat with a mutton flavor.")

The Rothschilds are said to have lost from fifty to seventy-five million dollars by the result of the Franco-German War. They all believed at first that the French would be victorious; but, two weeks after the Germans had crossed the Rhine, they saw their mistake, and made new investments which prevented them from losing thrice as much as they would have done had they not corrected their blunder in good season.

James Glaisher, the English aeronaut, is said to be seriously ill, never having recovered from the effects of his balloon ascension from Wolverhampton, last September, when he reached a height of seven miles, the greatest ever attained. It is supposed he then burst some blood-vessels, as he has never since been in good health.

Mrs. Allibone, wife of the author of the "Dictionary of Authors," acted as her husband's amanuensis, and copied thirty thousand large foolscap pages for the press, besides doing a great deal of other work, as looking up and verifying dates, facts, etc. She must have been a helpmate of the old-fashioned sort.

The excellence of 'possum-fat and hominy as articles of food has long been celebrated by colored minstrels. It is now said that the flesh of the 'possum has medicinal virtues as well, it being a panacea for depression of spirits and low fevers, and the several ailments incident to age and decrepitude. Don't believe it. *Non possumus.*

The poor of London are becoming poorer. Year by year, owing to improvements in which the poor do not share, and to the progress of railroads from which they derive no benefit, the rents of the worst houses in London are rising, while the deterioration of those who are forced to occupy them is rapidly increasing.

The *Saturday Review* sneeringly says that, as American life grows respectable, it certainly grows dull; their best novelists have to deal with the disappearing phases of society—the backwoodsman, or the old Puritan settler, or the rough miner, who have all but given way to the commonplace gentleman in a white shirt and stovepipe hat.

Herr Wilhelm Turberg, who has been somewhat noted as a transcendental philosopher, has lately become a spiritual medium, and is reported to be making wonderful revelations at Mannheim. The whole city is represented to be lost in amazement over his miraculous powers.

The freehold of White's Club House, St. James Street, London, was recently sold for two hundred and thirty thousand dollars. White's was the oldest and most exclusive club in London, dating back to the time of Addison and Steele.

Boat-flying is the latest Southern amusement. Recently, a vaul-boat was carried across Cape Fear, off Wilmington, North Carolina, the motive power being a large kite, the string of which was held by two persons in the boat.

North Carolina has "an old man of the mountains," who lives about forty miles from Greenville, and has reached the age of one hundred and forty-three years. At the time of Braddock's defeat he was twenty years old, and had a wife and three children.

The total number of Scandinavians in the United States is estimated at four hundred thousand, of whom about fifty thousand are residents of Chicago. They number three hundred and eighty congregations, one hundred and forty ministers, and fifty thousand communicants.

A woman of Pisa, in Italy, Pipona Cetilli by name, has been condemned for the murder of her husband, and has confessed to the poisoning of her father, her two children, and her husband's mistress, all in the last six years. She is forty years old.

It is rumored that a marriage has been arranged between the Princess Beatrice, the fifth daughter and ninth child of Queen Victoria, and the Marquis of Ely. The princess is now in her fourteenth year. The marquis was born in 1849.

Vassar College has something new under the sun. Dr. T. W. DuBois has recently received the appointment of dentist to the above institution. He will look into all the young ladies' mouths once a week.

"Shall I help you to alight?" said a young gentleman, addressing a bouncing country-girl, who was preparing to jump from a carriage in front of his office. "Thank you, sir," sweetly replied the girl; "but I don't smoke."

Lecky, who wrote "The Rise and Fall of Rationalism" and several other books, is soon to become the husband of the Baroness van Dedem, lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Holland.

The new banking-house of Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co., at the corner of Lombard and Grace Church street, London, is becoming the headquarters of American visitors in that city.

A London correspondent, writing of Mary Ann Evans (George Eliot), describes her as one of the most interesting and captivating of Englishwomen, entirely free from egotism or pretension of any kind.

A chap in Boston advertises for a "self-supporting" wife, "pretty and well educated." Modest, that!

A Pennsylvanian, after lighting a match, threw it into a powder-keg. The coroners of three counties are collecting the shreds.

An Eastern lady advertises for a faundress who will be willing to take her pay in lessons on the guitar.

Gustave Doré, though he has illustrated the Bible superbly, is declared to have no faith in it.

In London, workmen are carried on the railroads ten miles once a day each way for a week for twenty-five cents.

It was one of Douglas Jerrold's favorite sayings that "in the midst of life we are in debt."

There are seventy Swedenborgian churches in this country.

There are eight hundred thousand more women than men in England.

A bachelor compares a shirt-tail to life, because it so often hangs by a thread.

"A backward spring" is produced by presenting a red-hot poker to a man's nose.

A drawing-room—Apartment of a dentist.

A firm friend—An obstinate Quaker.

Men of mark—Mark Twain and Bismarck.

The Museum.

IN No. 111 of the JOURNAL our Museum illustration depicted the war-dress of a Kaffre chief. We now give an illustration of the Kaffre soldier in his full war-uniform. It will be observed that it is more ornamental than useful, and quite as scant as it is showy. A gay and fantastic head-dress is its main feature. The varied and strange shapes that a Kaffre soldier can make with feathers, and fur, and raw-hide, are certainly remarkable. Any kind of feather is seized upon to do duty, but the most valued plumage is that of a roller, whose glittering dress of blue-green is worked up into large globular tufts, which are worn upon the back of the head and on the upper

part of the forehead. Such an ornament as this is seldom if ever seen upon the head of a simple warrior, as it is too valuable to be possessed by any but a chief of consideration. Panda is very fond of wearing this beautiful ornament on occasions of state, and sometimes wears two at once, the one on the front of his head - ring, and the other attached to the crown of the head.

The rawhide is stripped of its fur by being rolled up and buried for a day or two, and is then cut and moulded into the most fantastic forms, reminding the observer of the strange

devices with which the heroes of the Niebelungen decorated their helmets. Indeed, some might easily be mistaken at a little distance

for the more classical though not more elaborate helmet of the ancient German knights. The soldiers which are here represented be-

long to two different regiments of the Zulu army, and have been selected as affording good examples of the wild, picturesque uniform which is adopted by these dusky troops. In some head-dresses fur is retained on the skin, and thus another effect is obtained. The object of all this savage decoration is two-fold: first, to distinguish soldiers of the different regiments; and secondly, to strike terror into the enemy.



Kaffre Soldiers in War Uniform.

CONTENTS OF NO. 113, MAY 27, 1871.

	PAGE		PAGE
SCENERY IN NEVADA: Sculptured Rocks. (Illustration.).....	601	SNAKES AT THEIR MEALS.....	621
MORTON HOUSE: Chapters XXI. and XXII. By the author of "Valerie Aylmer.".....	602	SONNET. By Paul H. Hayne.....	621
LAURELLA. From the German of Paul Heyse.....	608	TABLE-TALK.....	622
CONCERNING CATS.....	613	CORRESPONDENCE.....	623
FLOWER-FARMS.....	614	LITERARY NOTES.....	623
IF AT LAST.....	615	FOREIGN ITEMS.....	624
SCENERY OF NEVADA. (Illustrated.).....	616	MISCELLANY.....	626
THE SPRING EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN. By Susan Nichols Carter.....	618	VARIETIES.....	627
		THE MUSEUM. (Illustrated.).....	627
		SUPPLEMENT.....	"Ralph the Heir." By Anthony Trollope.

PATENT DAMPENING TABLETS, For Copying Letters and Legal Documents.



R. HOE & CO.,
29 & 31 GOLD ST., NEW YORK.

STARR & MARCUS, 22 JOHN STREET, UP STAIRS.

OFFER AN
UNEQUALLED ASSORTMENT
OF THE

Gorham Mf'g Co. STERLING SILVER-WARE,

Comprising all their newest and most desirable patterns in Dinner, Tea, and Dessert Services, as well as Table Silver of endless variety. The experience of forty years, as Practical Silversmiths, has won for the goods of their manufacture a REPUTATION UNAPPROACHED BY ANY OTHER HOUSE.

The Gorham Factory possesses all the newest and most ingenious labor-saving machinery, employing hundreds of hands, skilled in designing, modelling, and finishing, thereby PRODUCING IN LARGE QUANTITIES, ON THE MOST ECONOMICAL BASIS, goods beautiful in design, and of unsurpassed finish, which are guaranteed of sterling purity by United States Mint Assay.

A complete assortment of Gorham Electroplate on Nickel Silver, at prices established by the Company.

so
ne
ing
he
in
con
ju
be
the
pla
Ne
bro
clo
far
per

bec
wa
wh
ex
wa
ma
fit'
he
He
for
sta
in t
and
he
the
sig
tha
ma
felt
and
par
ner
He
per
hav
Ear
him
titic
bee
tion

was
the
Nev
tial
allu

han

RALPH THE HEIR.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

[“RALPH THE HEIR,” SUPPLEMENT NO. XXIII.; CONTINUED FROM SUPPLEMENT ACCOMPANYING JOURNAL OF MAY 13.]

CHAPTER LV.

COOKHAM.

WE have been obliged to anticipate in some degree the course of our story by the necessity which weighed upon us of completing the history of Polly Neeft. In regard to her we will only further express an opinion—in which we believe that we shall have the concurrence of our readers—that Mr. Moggs junior had chosen well. Her story could not be adequately told without a revelation of that correspondence, which, while it has explained the friendly manner in which the Neeft-Newton embarrassments were at last brought to an end, has, at the same time, disclosed the future lot in life of our hero—as far as a hero's lot in life may be said to depend on his marriage.

Mr. Neeft had been almost heart-broken, because he was not satisfied that his victim was really punished by any of those tortures which his imagination invented, and his energy executed. Even when the “pretty little man” was smashed, and was, in truth, smashed of malice prepense by a swinging blow from Neeft's umbrella, Neeft did not feel satisfied that he would thereby reach his victim's heart. He could project his own mind with sufficient force into the bosom of his enemy to understand that the onions and tobacco consumed in that luxurious chamber would cause annoyance—but he desired more than annoyance—he wanted to tear the very heartstrings of the young man who had, as he thought, so signally outwitted him. He did not believe that he was successful; but, in truth, he did make poor Ralph very unhappy. The heir felt himself to be wounded, and could not eat and drink, or walk and talk, or ride in the park, or play billiards at his club, in a manner befitting the owner of Newton Priory. He was so injured by Neeft that he became perversive to attacks which would otherwise have altogether failed in reaching him. Lady Eardham would never have prevailed against him as she did—conquering by a quick repetition of small blows—had not all his strength been annihilated for the time by the persecutions of the breeches-maker.

Lady Eardham whispered to him as he was taking his departure on the evening of the dinner in Cavendish Square. “Dear Mr. Newton—just one word,” she said, confidentially—“that must be a very horrid man”—alluding to Mr. Neeft.

“It's a horrid bore, you know, Lady Eardham.”

“Just so—and it makes me feel—as though I didn't quite know whether something ought not to be done. Would you mind calling at eleven to-morrow? Of course I shan't tell Sir George—unless you think he ought to be told.” Ralph promised that he would call, though he felt at the moment that Lady Eardham was an interfering old fool. Why should she want to do any thing; and why should she give even a hint as to telling Sir George? As he walked across Hanover Square and down Bond Street to his rooms he did assert to himself plainly that the “old harridan,” as he called her, was at work for her second girl, and he shook his head and winked his eye as he thought of it. But, even in his solitude, he did not feel strong against Lady Eardham, and he moved along the pavement oppressed by a half-formed conviction that her ladyship would prevail against him. He did not, however, think that he had any particular objection to Gus Eardham. There was a deal of style about the girl, a merit in which either Clarissa or Mary would have been sadly deficient. And there could be no doubt in this—that a man in his position ought to marry in his own class. The proper thing for him to do was to make the daughter of some country gentleman—or of some nobleman, just as it might happen—mistress of the Priory. Dear little Clary would hardly have known how to take her place properly down in Hampshire. And then he thought for a moment of Polly! Perhaps, after all, fate, fashion, and fortune, managed marriage for young men better than they could manage it for themselves. What a life would his have been had he really married Polly Neeft! Though he did call Lady Eardham a harridan, he resolved that he would keep his promise for the following morning.

Lady Eardham when he arrived was mysterious, eulogistic, and beneficent. She was clearly of opinion that something should be done. “You know it is so horrid having these kind of things said.” And yet she was almost equally strong in opinion that nothing could be done. “You know I wouldn't have my girl's name brought up for all the world—though why the horrid wretch should have named her I cannot even guess.” The horrid wretch had not, in truth, named any special her, though it suited Lady Eardham to presume that allusion had been made to that hope of the flock, that crowning glory of the Eardham family, that most graceful of the Graces, that Venus certain to be chosen by any Paris, her second daughter, Gus. She went on to explain that were she to tell the

story to her son Marmaduke, her son Marmaduke “would probably kill the breeches-maker.” As Marmaduke Eardham was, of all young men about town, perhaps the most careless, the most indifferent, and the least ferocious, his mother was probably mistaken in her estimate of his resentful feelings. “As for Sir George, he would be for taking the law of the wretch for libel, and then we should be—! I don't know where we should be then; but my dear girl would die.”

Of course there was nothing done. During the whole interview Lady Eardham continued to press Neeft's letter under her hand upon the table, as though it was of all documents the most precious. She handled it as though to tear it would be as bad as to tear an original document bearing the king's signature. Before the interview was over she had locked it up in her desk, as though there were something in it by which the whole Eardham race might be blessed or banned. And, though she spoke no such word, she certainly gave Ralph to understand that by this letter he, Ralph Newton, was in some mysterious manner so connected with the secrets, and the interests, and the sanctity of the Eardham family, that, whether such connection might be for weal or woe, the Newtons and the Eardhams could never altogether free themselves from the link. “Perhaps you had better come and dine with us in a family way to-morrow,” said Lady Eardham, giving her invitation as though it must necessarily be tendered, and almost necessarily accepted. Ralph, not thanking her, but taking it in the same spirit, said that he would be there at half-past seven. “Just ourselves,” said Lady Eardham, in a melancholy tone, as though they two were doomed to eat family dinners together for ever after.

“I suppose the property is really his own,” said Lady Eardham to her husband that afternoon.

Sir George was a stout, plethoric gentleman, with a short temper and many troubles. Marmaduke was expensive, and Sir George himself had spent money when he was young. The girls, who knew that they had no fortunes, expected that every thing should be done for them, at least during the period of their natural harvest—and they were successful in having their expectations realized. They demanded that there should be horses to ride, servants to attend them, and dresses to wear; and they had horses, servants, and dresses. There were also younger children; and Sir George was quite as anxious as Lady Eardham that his daughters should become

wives. "His own—of course it's his own. Whom else should it belong to?"

"There was something about that other young man."

"The bastard! It was the greatest sin that ever was thought of to palm such a fellow as that off on the country—but it didn't come to any thing."

"I'm told, too, he has been very extravagant. No doubt he did get money from the—the tailor who wants to make him marry his daughter."

"A flea-bite," said Sir George. "Don't you bother about that." Thus authorized, Lady Eardham went to the work with a clear conscience and a good will.

On the next morning Ralph received by post an envelope from Sir Thomas Underwood containing a letter addressed to him from Mr. Neefit. "Sir—Are you going to make your ward act honorable to me and my daughter? Yours, respectful, THOMAS NEEFIT." The reader will understand that this was prior to Polly's triumph over her father. Ralph uttered a deep curse, and made up his mind that he must either throw himself entirely among the Eardhams, or else start at once for the Rocky Mountains. He dined in Cavendish Square that day, and again took Gus down to dinner.

"I'm very glad to see you here," said Sir George, when they two were alone together after the ladies had left them. Sir George, who had been pressed upon home service because of the necessity of the occasion, was anxious to get off to his club.

"You are very kind, Sir George," said Ralph.

"We shall be delighted to see you at Brayboro', if you'll come for a week in September and look at the girls' horses. They say you're quite a pundit about horse flesh."

"Oh, I don't know," said Ralph.

"You'll like to go up to the girls now, I dare say, and I've got an engagement." Then Sir George rang the bell for a cab, and Ralph went up-stairs to the girls. Emily had taken herself away; Josephine was playing *bésique* with her mother, and Gus was thus forced into conversation with the young man. "*Bésique* is so stupid," said Gus.

"Horribly stupid," said Ralph.

"And what do you like, Mr. Newton?"

"I like you," said Ralph. But he did not propose on that evening. Lady Eardham thought he ought to have done so, and was angry with him. It was becoming almost a matter of necessity with her that young men should not take much time. Emily was twenty-seven, and Josephine was a most difficult child to manage—not pretty, but yet giving herself airs and expecting every thing. She had refused a clergyman with a very good private fortune, greatly to her mother's sorrow. And Gus had already been the source of much weary labor. Four eldest sons had been brought to her feet and been allowed to slip away; and all, as Lady Eardham said, because Gus would "joke" with other young men, while the one man should have received all her pleasantry. Emily was quite of opin-

ion that young Newton should by no means have been allotted to Gus. Lady Eardham, who had played *bésique* with an energy against which Josephine would have mutinied but that some promise was made as to Marshall and Snelgrove, could see from her little table that young Newton was neither abject nor triumphant in his manner. He had not received nor had he even asked when he got up to take his leave. Lady Eardham could have boxed his ears; but she smiled upon him ineffably, pressed his hand, and in the most natural way in the world alluded to some former allusion about riding and the park.

"I sha'n't ride to-morrow," said Gus, with her back turned to them.

"Do," said Ralph.

"No. I sha'n't."

"You see what she says, Lady Eardham," said Ralph.

"You promised you would before dinner, my dear," said Lady Eardham, "and you ought not to change your mind. If you'll be good-natured enough to come, two of them will go." Of course it was understood that he would come.

"Nothing on earth, mamma, shall ever induce me to play *bésique* again," said Josephine, yawning.

"It's not worse for you than for me," said the old lady, sharply.

"But it isn't fair," said Josephine, who was supposed to be the clever one of the family. "I may have to play my *bésique* a quarter of a century hence."

"He's an insufferable puppy," said Emily, who had come into the room, and had been pretending to be reading.

"That's because he don't bark at your bidding, my dear," said Gus.

"It doesn't seem that he means to bark at yours," said the elder sister.

"If you go on like that, girls, I'll tell your papa, and we'll go to Brayboro' at once. It's too bad, and I won't bear it."

"What would you have me do?" said Gus, standing up for herself fiercely.

Gus did ride, and so did Josephine, and there was a servant with them of course. It had been Emily's turn—there being two horses for the three girls; but Gus had declared that no good could come if Emily went—and Emily's going had been stopped by parental authority. "You do as you're bid," said Sir George, "or you'll get the worst of it." Sir George suffered much from gout, and had obtained from the ill-temper which his pangs produced a mastery over his daughters which some fathers might have envied.

"You behaved badly to me last night, Mr. Newton," said Gus, on horseback. There was another young man riding with Josephine, so that the lovers were alone together.

"Behaved badly to you?"

"Yes, you did, and I felt it very much—very much indeed."

"How did I behave badly?"

"If you do not know, I'm sure that I shall not tell you." Ralph did not know—but he went home from his ride an unengaged man,

and may perhaps have been thought to behave badly on that occasion also.

But Lady Eardham, though she was sometimes despondent and often cross, was gifted with perseverance. A picnic party up the river from Maidenhead to Cookham was got up for the 30th of May, and Ralph Newton of course was there. Just at that time the Neefit persecution was at its worst. Letters directed by various hands came to him daily, and in all of them he was asked when he meant to be on the square. He knew the meaning of that picnic as well as does the reader—as well as did Lady Eardham; but it had come to that with him that he was willing to yield. It cannot exactly be said for him that out of all the feminine worth that he had seen, he himself had chosen Gus Eardham as being the most worthy—or even that he had chosen her as being to him the most charming. But it was evident to him that he must get married, and why not to her as well as to another? She had style, plenty of style; and, as he told himself, style, for a man in his position, was more than any thing else. It can hardly be said that he had made up his mind to offer to her before he started for Cookham—though doubtless through all the remaining years of his life he would think that his mind had been so fixed—but he had concluded that, if she were thrown at his head very hard, he might as well take her. "I don't think he ever does drink champagne," said Lady Eardham, talking it all over with Gus on the morning of the picnic.

At Cookham there is, or was, a punt—perhaps there always will be one, kept there for such purposes—and into this punt either Gus was tempted by Ralph, or Ralph by Gus. "My darling child, what are you doing?" shouted Lady Eardham from the bank.

"Mr. Newton says he can take me over," said Gus, standing up in the punt, shaking herself with a pretty tremor.

"Don't, Mr. Newton; pray don't," cried Lady Eardham, with affected horror.

Lunch was over, or dinner, as it might be more properly called, and Ralph had taken a glass or two of champagne. He was a man whom no one had ever seen the "worse for wine;" but on this occasion that which might have made others drunk had made him bold. "I will not let you out, Gus, till you have promised me one thing," said Ralph.

"What is the one thing?"

"That you will go with me everywhere, always."

"You must let me out," said Gus.

"But will you promise?" Then Gus promised; and Lady Eardham, with true triumph in her voice, was able to tell her husband on the following morning that the cost of the picnic had not been thrown away.

On the next morning early Ralph was in the square. Neither when he went to bed at night, nor when he got up in the morning, did he regret what he had done. The marriage would be quite a proper marriage. Nobody could say that he had been mercenary, and he hated a mercenary feeling in marriages. Nobody could say that the match was beneath

him, and all people were agreed that Augusta Eardham was a very fine girl. As to her style, there could be no doubt about it. There might be some little unpleasantness in communicating the fact to the Underwoods—but that could be done by letter. After all, it would signify very little to him what Sir Thomas thought about it. Sir Thomas might think him feeble; but he himself knew very well that there had been no feebleness in it. His circumstances had been very peculiar, and he really believed that he had made the best of them. As Squire of Newton, he was doing quite the proper thing in marrying the daughter of a baronet out of the next county. With a light heart, a pleased face, and with very well got-up morning apparel, Ralph knocked the next morning at the door in Cavendish Square, and asked for Sir George Eardham. "I'll just run up-stairs for a second," said Ralph, when he was told that Sir George was in the small parlor.

He did run up-stairs, and in three minutes had been kissed by Lady Eardham and all her daughters. At this moment Gus was the "dearest child" and the "best love of a thing" with all of them. Even Emily remembered how pleasant it might be to have a room at Newton Priory, and then success always gives a new charm.

"Have you seen Sir George?" asked Lady Eardham.

"Not as yet—they said he was there, but I had to come up and see her first, you know."

"Go down to him," said Lady Eardham, patting her prey on the back twice. "When you've daughters of your own, you'll expect to be consulted."

"She couldn't have done better, my dear fellow," said Sir George, with kind, genial cordiality. "She couldn't have done better, to my thinking, even with a peerage. I like you, and I like your family, and I like your property; and she's yours with all my heart. A better girl never lived."

"Thank you, Sir George."

"She has no money, you know."

"I don't care about money, Sir George."

"My dear boy, she's yours with all my heart; and I hope you'll make each other happy."

CHAPTER LVI.

RALPH NEWTON IS BOWLED AWAY.

A DAY or two after his engagement, Ralph did write his letter to Sir Thomas, and found when the moment came that the task was difficult. But he wrote it. The thing had to be done, and there was nothing to be gained by postponing it.

— Club, June 2, 186—.

"MY DEAR SIR THOMAS:

"You will, I hope, be glad to hear that I am engaged to be married to Augusta Eardham, the second daughter of Sir George Eardham, of Brayboro' Park, in Berkshire. Of course you will know the name, and I rather think you were in the House when Sir George sat for Berkshire. Augusta has got no

money, but I have not been placed under the disagreeable necessity of looking out for a rich wife. I believe we shall be married about the end of August. As the ceremony will take place down at Brayboro', I fear that I cannot expect that you or Patience and Clarissa should come so far. Pray tell them my news, with my best love.

"Yours, most grateful for all your long kindness,

"RALPH NEWTON.

"I am very sorry that you should have been troubled by letters from Mr. Neeft. The matter has been arranged at last."

The letter when done was very simple, but it took him some time, and much consideration. Should he or should he not allude to his former loves? It was certainly much easier to write his letter without any such allusion, and he did so.

About a week after this Sir Thomas went home to Fulham, and took the letter with him. "Clary," he said, taking his youngest daughter affectionately by the waist, when he found himself alone with her. "I've got a piece of news for you."

"For me, papa?"

"Well, for all of us. Somebody is going to be married. Who do you think it is?"

"Not Ralph Newton?" said Clarissa, with a little start.

"Yes, Ralph Newton."

"How quick he arranges things!" said Clarissa. There was some little emotion, just a quiver, and a quick rush of blood into her cheeks, which, however, left them just as quickly.

"Yes—he is quick."

"Who is it, papa?"

"A very proper sort of person—the daughter of a Berkshire baronet."

"But what is her name?"

"Augusta Eardham."

"Augusta Eardham. I hope he'll be happy, papa. We've known him a long time."

"I think he will be happy—what people call happy. He is not gifted—or cursed, as it may be—with fine feelings, and is what perhaps may be called thick-skinned; but he will love his own wife and children. I don't think he will be a spendthrift now that he has plenty to spend, and he is not subject to what the world calls vices. I shouldn't wonder if he becomes a prosperous and most respectable country gentleman, and quite a model to his neighbors."

"It doesn't seem to matter much—does it?" said Clarissa, when she told the story to Mary and Patience.

"What doesn't matter?" asked Mary.

"Whether a man cares for the girl he's going to marry, or doesn't care at all. Ralph Newton cannot care very much for Miss Eardham."

"I think it matters very much," said Mary.

"Perhaps, after all, he'll be just as fond of his wife—in a way, as though he had been making love to her—oh, for years," said Clarissa. This was nearly all that was said at the villa, though, no doubt, poor Clary had

many thoughts on the matter, in her solitary rambles along the river. That picture of the youth, as he lay upon the lawn, looking up into her eyes, and telling her that she was dear to him, could not easily be effaced from her memory. Sir Thomas before this had written his congratulations to Ralph. They had been very short, and in them no allusion had been made to the young ladies at Popham Villa.

In the mean time Ralph was as happy as the day was long, and delighted with his lot in life. For some weeks previous to his offer he had been aware that Lady Eardham had been angling for him as for a fish, that he had been as a prey to her and to her daughter, and that it behooved him to amuse himself without really taking the hook between his gills. He had taken the hook, and now had totally forgotten all those former notions of his in regard to a prey, and a fish, and a mercenary old harridan of a mother. He had no sooner been kissed all round by the women, and paternally blessed by Sir George, than he thought that he had exercised a sound judgment, and had with true wisdom arranged to ally himself with just the woman most fit to be his wife, and the future mistress of Newton Priory. He was proud, indeed, of his success, when he read the paragraph in the *Morning Post*, announcing as a fact that the alliance had been arranged, and was again able to walk about among his comrades as one of those who make circumstances subject to them, rather than become subject to circumstances. His comrades, no doubt, saw the matter in another light. "By Jove," said Pretty Poll at his club, "there's Newton been and got caught by old Eardham after all. The girl has been running ten years, and been hawked about like a second-class race-horse."

"Yes, poor fellow," said Captain Fooks. "Neeft has done that for him. Ralph for a while was so knocked off his pins by the breeches-maker, that he didn't know where to look for shelter."

Whether marriages should be made in heaven or on earth, must be a matter of doubt to observers—whether, that is, men and women are best married by chance, which I take to be the real fashion of heaven-made marriages; or should be brought into that close link and loving bondage to each other by thought, selection, and decision. That the heavenly mode prevails the oftenest there can hardly be a doubt. It takes years to make a friendship; but a marriage may be settled in a week—in an hour. If you desire to go into partnership with a man in business, it is an essential necessity that you should know your partner; that he be honest—or dishonest, if such be your own tendency—industrious, instructed in the skill required, and of habits of life fit for the work to be done. But into partnerships for life—of a kind much closer than any business partnership—men rush without any preliminary inquiries. Some investigation and anxiety as to means there may be, though in this respect the ordinary pariance of the world endows men with more caution, or accuses them of more greed than

they really possess. But in other respects every thing is taken for granted. Let the woman, if possible, be pretty—or, if not pretty, let her have style. Let the man, if possible, not be a fool; or, if a fool, let him not show his folly too plainly. As for knowledge of character, none is possessed, and none is wanted. The young people meet each other in their holiday dresses, on holiday occasions, amid holiday pleasures—and the thing is arranged. Such matches may be said to be heaven-made.

It is a fair question whether they do not answer better than those which have less of chance—or less of heaven—in their manufacture. If it be needful that a man and woman take five years to learn whether they will suit each other as husband and wife, and that then, at the end of the five years, they find that they will not suit, the freshness of the flower would be gone before it could be worn in the button-hole. There are some leaps which you must take in the dark, if you mean to jump at all. We can all understand well that a wise man should stand on the brink and hesitate; but we can understand also that a very wise man should declare to himself that with no possible amount of hesitation could certainly be achieved. Let him take the jump or not take it—but let him not presume to think that he can so jump as to land himself in certain bliss. It is clearly God's intention that men and women should live together, and therefore let the leap in the dark be made.

No doubt there had been very much of heaven in Ralph Newton's last choice. It may be acknowledged that in lieu of choosing at all, he had left the matter altogether to Heaven. Some attempt he had made at choosing—in reference to Mary Bonner; but he had found the attempt simply to be troublesome and futile. He had spoken soft, loving words to *Clarissa*, because she herself had been soft and lovable. Nature had spoken—as she does when the birds sing to each other. Then, again, while suffering under pecuniary distress he had endeavored to make himself believe that *Polly Neeft* was just the wife for him. Then, amid the glories of his emancipation from thralldom, he had seen *Mary Bonner*—and had actually, after a fashion, made a choice for himself. His choice had brought upon him nothing but disgrace and trouble. Now he had succumbed at the bidding of Heaven and *Lady Eardham*, and he was about to be provided with a wife exactly suited for him. It may be said at the same time that *Augusta Eardham* was equally lucky. She also had gotten all that she ought to have wanted, had she known what to want. They were both of them incapable of what men and women call love when they speak of love as a passion linked with romance. And in one sense they were cold-hearted. Neither of them was endowed with the privilege of pining because another person had perished. But each of them was able to love a mate, when assured that that mate must continue to be mate, unless separation should come by domestic earthquake. They had hearts enough for paternal and maternal duties, and would probably agree

in thinking that any geese which Providence might send them were veritable swans. Bickerings there might be, but they would be bickerings without effect; and *Ralph Newton*, of *Newton*, would probably so live with this wife of his bosom, that they, too, might lie at last pleasantly together in the family vault, with the record of their homely virtues visible to the survivors of the parish on the same tombstone. The means by which each of them would have arrived at these blessings would not redound to the credit of either; but the blessings would be there, and it may be said of their marriage, as of many such marriages, that it was made in heaven, and was heavenly.

The marriage was to take place early in September, and the first week in August was passed by *Sir George* and *Lady Eardham* and their two younger daughters at *Newton Priory*. On the 14th *Ralph* was to be allowed to run down to the moors just for one week, and then he was to be back, passing between *Newton* and *Brayboro'*, signing deeds and settlements, preparing for their wedding tour, and obedient in all things to *Eardham* influences. It did occur to him that it would be proper that he should go down to *Fulham* to see his old friends once before his marriage; but he felt that such a visit would be to himself very unpleasant, and therefore he assured himself, and moreover made himself believe that, if he abstained from the visit, he would abstain because it would be unpleasant to him. He did abstain. But he did call at the chambers in *Southampton Buildings*; he called, however, at an hour in which he knew that *Sir Thomas* would not be visible, and made no second pressing request to *Stemm* for the privilege of entrance.

He had great pride in showing his house and park and estate to the *Eardhams*, and had some delicious rambles with his *Augusta* through the shrubberies and down by the little brook. *Ralph* had an enjoyment in the prettiness of *Nature*, and *Augusta* was clever enough to simulate the feeling. He was a little annoyed, perhaps, when he found that the beauty of her morning dresses did not admit of her sitting upon the grass or leaning against gates, and once expressed an opinion that she need not be so particular about her gloves in this the hour of their billing and cooing. *Augusta* altogether declined to remove her gloves in a place swarming, as she said, with midges, or to undergo any kind of embrace while adorned with that sweetest of all hats, which had been purchased for his especial delight. But in other respects she was good humored, and tried to please him. She learned the names of all his horses, and was beginning to remember those of his tenants. She smiled upon *Gregory*, and behaved with a pretty decorum when the young parson showed her his church. Altogether her behavior was much better than might have been expected from the training to which she had been subjected during her seven seasons in *London*. *Lord Polperrow* wronged her greatly when he said that she had been "running" for ten years.

There was a little embarrassment in

Ralph's first interview with *Gregory*. He had given his brother notice of his engagement by letter as soon as he had been accepted, feeling that any annoyance coming to him might be lessened in that way. Unfortunately, he had spoken to his brother in what he now felt to have been exaggerated terms of his passion for *Mary Bonner*, and he himself was aware that that malady had been quickly cured. "I suppose the news startled you," he had said, with a forced laugh, as soon as he met his brother.

"Well—yes, a little. I did not know that you were so intimate with them."

"The truth is, I had thought a deal about the matter, and I had come to see how essential it was for the interests of us all that I should marry into our own set. The moment I saw *Augusta* I felt that she was exactly the girl to make me happy. She is very handsome. Don't you think so?"

"Certainly."

"And then she has just the style which, after all, does go so far. There's nothing dowdy about her. A dowdy woman would have killed me. She attracted me from the first moment; and, by Jove, old fellow, I can assure you it was mutual. I am the happiest fellow alive, and I don't think there is anything I envy anybody." In all this *Ralph* believed that he was speaking the simple truth.

"I hope you'll be happy, with all my heart," said *Gregory*.

"I am sure I shall—and so will you if you will ask that little puss once again. I believe in my heart she loves you." *Gregory*, though he had been informed of his brother's passion for *Mary*, had never been told of that other passion for *Clarissa*; and *Ralph* could therefore speak of ground for hope in that direction without uncomfortable twinges.

There did occur during this fortnight one or two little matters, just sufficiently laden with care to ruffle the rose-leaves of our hero's couch. *Lady Eardham* thought that both the dining-room and drawing-room should be refurnished, that a bow-window should be thrown out to the breakfast-parlor, and that a raised conservatory should be constructed into which *Augusta's* own morning sitting-room up-stairs might be made to open. *Ralph* gave way about the furniture with a good grace, but he thought that the bow-window would disfigure the house, and suggested that the raised conservatory would cost money. *Augusta* thought the bow-window was the very thing for the house, and *Lady Eardham* knew as a fact that a similar conservatory—the sweetest thing in the world—which she had seen at *Lord Rosebud's* had cost almost absolutely nothing. And if any thing was well known in gardening it was this, that the erection of such conservatories was a positive saving in garden expenses. The men worked under cover during the rainy days, and the hot water served for domestic as well as horticultural purposes. There was some debate and a little heat, and the matter was at last referred to *Sir George*. He voted against *Ralph* on both points, and the orders were given.

Then there was the more important question of the settlements. Of course there were to be settlements, in the arrangement of which Ralph was to give every thing and to get nothing. With high-handed magnanimity he had declared that he wanted no money, and therefore the trifle which would have been adjudged to be due to Gus was retained to help her as yet less fortunate sisters. In truth, Marmaduke at this time was so expensive that Sir George was obliged to be a little hard. Why, however, he should have demanded out of such a property as that of Newton a jointure of four thousand pounds a year, with a house to be found either in town or country as the widow might desire, on behalf of a penniless girl, no one acting in the Newton interest could understand, unless Sir George might have thought that the sum to be ultimately obtained might depend in some degree on that demanded. Had he known Mr. Carey he would probably not have subjected himself to the rebuke which he received.

Ralph, when the sum was first named to him by Sir George's lawyer, who came down purposely to Newton, looked very blank, and said that he had not anticipated any arrangement so destructive to the property. The lawyer pointed out that there was unfortunately no dowager's house provided; that the property would not be destroyed, as the dower would only be an annuity; that ladies now were more liberally treated in this matter than formerly—and that the suggestion was quite the usual thing. "You don't suppose I mean my daughter to be starved?" said Sir George, upon whom gout was then coming. Ralph plucked up spirit and answered him. "Nor do I intend that your daughter, sir, should be starved." "Dear Ralph, do be liberal to the dear girl," said Lady Eardham afterward, caressing our hero in the solitude of her bedroom. Mr. Carey, however, arranged the whole matter very quickly. The dower must be two thousand pounds, out of which the widow must find her own house. Sir George must be well aware, said Mr. Carey, that the demand made was preposterous. Sir George said one or two very nasty things; but the dower as fixed by Mr. Carey was accepted, and then every thing smiled again.

When the Eardhams were leaving Newton the parting between Augusta and her lover was quite pretty. "Dear Gus," he said, "when next I am here, you will be my own, own wife," and he kissed her. "Dear Ralph," she said, "when next I am here, you will be my own, own husband," and kissed him; "but we have Como, and Florence, and Rome, and Naples, to do before that—and won't that be nice?"

"It will be very nice to be anywhere with you," said the lover.

"And mind you have your coat made just as I told you," said Augusta. So they parted.

Early in September they were married with great *éclat* at Brayboro', and Lady Eardham spared nothing on the occasion. It was her first maternal triumph, and all the country round was made to know of her success. The Newtons had been at Newton for—she

did not know how many hundred years. In her zeal she declared that the estate had been in the same hands from long before the Conquest. "There's no title," she said to her intimate friend, Lady Wiggam, "but there's that which is better than a title. We're mushrooms to the Newtons, you know. We only came into Berkshire in the reign of Henry VIII." As the Wiggams had only come into Buckinghamshire in the reign of George IV., Lady Wiggam, had she known the facts, would probably have reminded her dear friend that the Eardhams had in truth first been heard of in those parts in the time of Queen Anne—the original Eardham having made his money in following Marlborough's army. But Lady Wiggam had not studied the history of the county gentry. The wedding went off very well, and the bride and bridegroom were bowled away to the nearest station with four gray post-horses from Reading in a manner that was truly delightful to Lady Eardham's motherly feelings.

And with the same gray horses shall the happy bride and bridegroom be bowled out of our sight also. The writer of this story feels that some apology is due to his readers for having endeavored to entertain them so long with the adventures of one of whom it certainly cannot be said that he was fit to be delineated as a hero. It is thought by many critics that in the pictures of imaginary life which novelists produce for the amusement, and possibly for the instruction of their readers, none should be put upon the canvas but the very good, who by their noble thoughts and deeds may lead others to nobility, or the very bad, who by their declared wickedness will make iniquity hideous. How can it be worth one's while, such critics will say—the writer here speaks of all critical readers, and not of professional critics—how can it be worth our while to waste our imaginations, our sympathies, and our time upon such a one as Ralph, the heir of the Newton property? The writer, acknowledging the force of these objections, and confessing that his young heroes of romance are but seldom heroic, makes his apology as follows:

The reader of a novel—who has doubtless taken the volume up simply for amusement, and who would probably lay it down did he suspect that instruction, like a snake-in-the-grass, like physis beneath the sugar, was to be imposed upon him—requires from his author chiefly this, that he shall be amused by a narrative in which elevated sentiment prevails, and gratified by being made to feel that the elevated sentiments described are exactly his own. When the heroine is nobly true to her lover, to her friend, or to her duty, through all persecution, the girl who reads declares to herself that she also would have been a Jeannie Deans had Fate and Fortune given her an Effie as a sister. The bald-headed old lawyer—for bald-headed old lawyers do read novels—who interests himself in the high-minded, self-devoting chivalry of a Colonel Newcombe, believes he would have acted as did the colonel had he been so tried. What youth in his imagination cannot be as

brave, and as loving, though as hopeless in his love, as Harry Esmond? Alas, no one will wish to be as was Ralph Newton! But for one Harry Esmond, there are fifty Ralph Newtons—five hundred and fifty of them; and the very youth whose bosom glows with admiration as he reads of Harry—who exults in the idea that as Harry did, so would he have done—lives as Ralph lived, is less noble, less persistent, less of a man even than was Ralph Newton.

It is the test of a novel-writer's art that he conceals his snake-in-the-grass; but the reader may be sure that it is always there. No man or woman with a conscience—no man or woman with intellect sufficient to produce amusement, can go on from year to year spinning stories without the desire of teaching; with no ambition of influencing readers for their good. Gentle readers, the physis is always beneath the sugar, hidden or unhidden. In writing novels, we novelists preach to you from our pulpits, and are keenly anxious that our sermons shall not be inefficacious. Inefficacious they are not, unless they be too badly preached to obtain attention. Injurious they will be unless the lessons taught be good lessons.

What a world this would be if every man were a Harry Esmond, or every woman a Jeannie Deans! But then again, what a world if every woman were a Beckie Sharp and every man a Varney or a Barry Lyndon! Of Varneys and Harry Esmonds there are very few. Human nature, such as it is, does not often produce them. The portraits of such virtues and such vices serve no doubt to emulate and to deter. But are no other portraits necessary? Should we not be taught to see the men and women among whom we really live—men and women such as we are ourselves—in order that we should know what are the exact failings which oppress ourselves, and thus learn to hate, and if possible to avoid in life the faults of character which in life are hardly visible, but which in portraiture of life can be made to be so transparent?

Ralph Newton did nothing, gentle reader, which would have caused thee greatly to grieve for him, nothing certainly which would have caused thee to repudiate him, had he been thy brother. And gentlest, sweetest reader, had he come to thee as thy lover, with sufficient protest of love, and with all his history written in his hand, would that have caused thee to reject his suit? Had he been thy neighbor, thou well-to-do reader, with a house in the country, would he not have been welcome to thy table? Wouldst thou have avoided him at his club, thou reader from the West End? Has he not settled himself respectably, thou gray-haired, novel-reading paterfamilias, thou materfamilias, with daughters of thine own to be married? In life would he have been held to have disgraced himself—except in the very moment in which he seemed to be in danger? Nevertheless, the faults of a Ralph Newton, and not the vices of a Varney or a Barry Lyndon, are the evils against which men should in these days be taught to guard themselves—which wom-

en also should be made to hate. Such is the writer's apology for his very indifferent hero, Ralph the Heir.

CHAPTER LVII.

CLARISSA'S FATE.

In the following October, while Newton of Newton and his bride were making themselves happy amid the glories of Florence, she with her finery from Paris, and he with a newly-acquired taste for Michael Angelo and the fine arts generally, Gregory the parson again went up to London. He had, of course, "assisted" at his brother's marriage—in which the heavy burden of the ceremony was imposed on the shoulders of a venerable dean, who was related to Lady Eardham—and had since that time been all alone at his parsonage. Occasionally he had heard of the Underwoods from Ralph Newton of Beamingham, whose wedding had been postponed till Beamingham Hall had been made fit for its mistress; and from what he had heard Gregory was induced—hardly to hope—but to dream it to be possible that even yet he might prevail in love. An idea had grown upon him, springing from various sources, that Clarissa had not been indifferent to his brother, and that this feeling on her part had marred, and must continue to mar, his own happiness. He never believed that there had been fault on his brother's part; but still, if Clarissa had been so wounded—he could hardly hope—and perhaps should not even wish—that she would consent to share with him his parsonage in the close neighborhood of his brother's house. During all that September he told himself that the thing should be over, and he began to teach himself—to try to teach himself—that celibacy was the state in which a clergyman might best live and do his duty. But the lesson had not gone far with him before he shook himself, and determined that he would try yet once again. If there had been such a wound, why should not the wound be cured? Clarissa was at any rate true. She would not falsely promise him a heart, when it was beyond her power to give it. In October, therefore, he went again up to London.

The cases for packing the books had not even yet been made, and Sir Thomas was found in Southampton Buildings. The first words had, of course, reference to the absent squire. The squire of one's parish, the head of one's family, and one's elder brother, when the three are united in the same personage, will become important to one, even though the personage himself be not heroic. Ralph had written home twice, and every thing was prospering with him. Sir Thomas, who had become tired of his late ward, and who had thought worse of the Eardham marriage than the thing deserved, was indifferent to the joys of the Italian honeymoon. "They'll do very well, no doubt," said Sir Thomas. "I was delighted to learn that Augusta bore her journey so well," said Gregory. "Augustas al-

ways do bear their journeys well," said Sir Thomas; "though sometimes, I fancy, they find the days a little too long."

But his tone was very different when Gregory asked his leave to make one more attempt at Popham Villa. "I only hope you may succeed—for her sake, as well as for your own," said Sir Thomas. But when he was asked as to the parson's chance of success, he declared that he could say nothing. "She is changed, I think, from what she used to be—is more thoughtful, perhaps, and less giddy. It may be that such change will turn her toward you." "I would not have her changed in any thing," said Gregory—"except in her feelings toward myself."

He had been there twice or thrice before he found what he thought to be an opportunity fit for the work that he had on hand. And yet both Patience and Mary did for him and for her all that they knew how to do. But in such a matter it is so hard to act without seeming to act! She who can manoeuvre on such a field without displaying her manoeuvres is indeed a general! No man need ever attempt the execution of a task so delicate. Mary and Patience put their heads together, and resolved that they would say nothing. Nor did they manifestly take steps to leave the two alone together. It was a question with them, especially with Patience, whether the lover had not come too soon.

But Clarissa at last attacked her sister. "Patience," she said, "why do you not speak to me?"

"Not speak to you, Clara?"

"Not a word—about that which is always on my mind. You have not mentioned Ralph Newton's name once since his marriage."

"I have thought it better not to mention it. Why should I mention it?"

"If you think that it would pain me, you are mistaken. It pains me more that you should think that I could not bear it. He was welcome to his wife."

"I know you wish him well, Clara."

"Well! Oh, yes, I wish him well. No doubt he will be happy with her. She is fit for him, and I was not. He did quite right."

"He is not half so good as his brother," said Patience.

"Certainly he is not so good as his brother. Men, of course, will be different. But it is not always the best man that one likes the best. It ought to be so, perhaps."

"I know which I like the best," said Patience. "Oh, Clara, if you could but bring yourself to love him."

"How is one to change like that? And I do not know that he cares for me now."

"Ah—I think he cares for you."

"Why should he? Is a man to be sacrificed for always because a girl will not take him? His heart is changed. He takes care to show me so when he comes here. I am glad that it should be changed. Dear Patty, if papa would but come and live at home, I should want nothing else."

"I want something else," said Patience.

"I want nothing but that you should love me—and that papa should be with us. But,

Patty, do not make me feel that you are afraid to speak to me."

On the day following Gregory was again at Fulham, and he had come thither fully determined that he would now for the last time ask that question, on the answer to which, as it now seemed to him, all his future happiness must depend. He had told himself that he would shake off this too human longing for a sweet face to be ever present with him at his board, for a sweet heart to cherish him with its love, for a dear head to lie upon his bosom. But he had owned to himself that it could not be shaken off, and, having so owned, was more sick than ever with desire. Mary and Clarissa were both out when he arrived, and he was closeted for a while with Patience. "How tired you must be of seeing me!" he said.

"Tired of seeing you? Oh, no!"

"I feel myself to be going about like a phantom, and I am ashamed of myself. My brother is successful and happy, and has all that he desires."

"He is easily satisfied," said Patience, with something of sarcasm in her voice.

"And my cousin Ralph is happy and triumphant. I ought not to pine, but in truth I am so weak that I am always pining. Tell me at once—is there a chance for me?"

Did it occur to him to think that she to whom he was speaking, ever asked herself why it was not given to her to have even a hope of that joy for which he was craving? Did she ever pine, because, when others were mating round her, flying off in pairs to their warm mutual nests, there came to her no such question of mating and flying off to love and happiness? If there was such pining, it was all inward, hidden from her friends, so that their mirth should not be lessened by her want of mirth, not expressed either by her eye or mouth, because she knew that on the expression of her face depended somewhat of the comfort of those who loved her. A homely brow, and plain features, and locks of hair that have not been combed by Love's attendant nymphs into soft and winning tresses, seems to tell us that love is not wanted by the bosom that owns them. We teach ourselves to regard such a one, let her be ever so good, with ever so sweet temper, ever so generous in heart, ever so affectionate among her friends, as separated alike from the perils and the privileges of that passion without which they who are blessed or banned with beauty would regard life but as a charred and mutilated existence. It is as though we should believe that passion springs from the rind, which is fair or foul to the eye, and not in the heart, which is often fairest, freshest, and most free, when the skin is dark and the cheeks are rough. This young parson expected Patience to sympathize with him, to greet him, to aid him if there might be aid, and to understand that for him the world would be blank and wretched unless he could get for himself a soft sweet mate to sing when he sang, and to wail when he wailed. The only mate that Patience had was this very girl that was to be thus taken from her. But

she did sympathize with him, did greet for him, did give him all her aid. Knowing what she was herself and how God had formed her, she had learned to bury self absolutely and to take all her earthly joy from the joys of others. Shall it not come to pass that, hereafter, she too shall have a lover among the cherubim? "What can I say to you?" replied Patience to the young man's earnest entreaty. "If she were mine to give, I would give her to you instantly."

"Then you think there is no chance. If I thought that, why should I trouble her again?"

"I do not say so. Do you not know, Mr. Newton, that in such matters even sisters can hardly tell their thoughts to each other? How can they, when they do not even know their own wishes?"

"She does not hate me, then?"

"Hate you! no—she does not hate you. But there are so many degrees between hating and that kind of love which you want from her! You may be sure of this, that she so esteems you that your persistence cannot lessen you in her regard."

He was still pleading his case with the elder sister—very uselessly indeed, as he was aware; but having fallen on the subject of his love it was impossible for him to change it for any other—when Clarissa came into the room swinging her hat in her hand. She had been over at Miss Spooner's house and was full of Miss Spooner's woes and complaints. As soon as she had shaken hands with her lover, and spoken the few words of courtesy which the meeting demanded of her, she threw herself into the affairs of Miss Spooner as though they were of vital interest. "She is determined to be unhappy, Patty, and it is no use trying to make her not so. She says that Jane robs her, which I don't believe is true, and that Sarah has a lover—and why shouldn't Sarah have a lover? But as for curing her grievances, it would be the cruellest thing in the world. She lives upon her grievances. Something has happened to the chimney-pot, and the landlord hasn't sent a mason. She is revelling in her chimney-pot."

"Poor dear Miss Spooner," said Patience, getting up and leaving the room as though it were her duty to look at once after her old friend in the midst of these troubles.

Clarissa had not intended this. "She's asleep now," said Clarissa. But Patience went all the same. It might be that Miss Spooner would require to be watched in her slumbers. When Patience was gone Gregory Newton got up from his seat and walked to the window. He stood there for what seemed to be an endless number of seconds before he returned, and Clarissa had time to determine that she would escape. "I told Mary that I would go to her," she said, "you won't mind being left alone for a few minutes, Mr. Newton."

"Do not go just now, Clarissa."

"Only that I said I would," she answered, pleading that she must keep a promise which she had never made.

"Mary can spare you—and I cannot. Mary

is staying with you, and I shall be gone—almost immediately. I go back to Newton tomorrow, and who can say when I shall see you again?"

"You will be coming up to London, of course."

"I am here now at any rate," he said, smiling, "and will take what advantage of it I can. It is the old story, Clarissa—so old that I know you must be sick of it."

"If you think so, you should not tell it again."

"Do not be ill-natured to me. I don't know why it is but a man gets to be ashamed of himself, as though he were doing something mean and paltry, when he loves with persistence, as I do." Had it been possible that she should give him so much encouragement she would have told him that the mean man, and paltry, was he who could love or pretend to love with no capacity for persistence. She could not fail to draw a comparison between him and his brother, in which there was so much of meanness on the part of him who had at one time been as a god to her, and so much nobility in him to whom she was and ever had been as a goddess. "I suppose a man should take an answer and have done with it," he continued. "But how is a man to have done with it, when his heart remains the same?"

"A man should master his heart."

"I am, then, to understand that that which you have said so often before must be said again?" He had never knelt to her, and he did not kneel now; but he leaned over her so that she hardly knew whether he was on his knees or still seated on his chair. And she herself, though she answered him briskly—almost with impertinence—was so little mistress of herself that she knew not what she said. She would take him now—if only she knew how to take him without disgracing herself in her own estimation. "Dear Clary, think of it. Try to love me. I need not tell you again how true is my love for you." He had hold of her hand, and she did not withdraw it, and he ought to have known that the battle was won. But he knew nothing. He hardly knew that her hand was in his. "Clary, you are all the world to me. Must I go back heart-laden, but empty-handed, with no comfort?"

"If you knew all!" she said, rising suddenly from her chair.

"All what?"

"If you knew all, you would not take me, though I offered myself." He stood staring at her, not at all comprehending her words, and she perceived in the midst of her distress that it was needful that she should explain herself. "I have loved Ralph always—yes, your brother."

"And he?"

"I will not accuse him in any thing. He is married now, and it is past."

"And you can never love again?"

"Who would take such a heart as that? It would not be worth the giving or worth the taking. Oh—how I loved him!" Then he left her side, and went back to the window,

while she sank back upon her chair, and, burying her face in her hands, gave way to tears and sobs. He stood there perhaps for a minute, and then returning to her, so gently that she did not hear him, he did kneel at her side. He knelt, and, putting his hand upon her arm, he kissed the sleeve of her gown. "You had better go from me now," she said, amid her sobs.

"I will never go from you again," he answered. "God's mercy can cure also that wound, and I will be His minister in healing it. Clarissa, I am so glad that you have told me all. Looking back I can understand it now. I once thought that it was so."

"Yes," she said, "yes; it was so."

Gradually one hand of hers fell into his, and though no word of acceptance had been spoken he knew that he was at last accepted. "My own Clary," he said. "I may call you my own?" There was no answer, but he knew that it was so. "Nothing shall be done to trouble you—nothing shall be said to press you. You may be sure of this, if it be good to be loved—that no woman was ever loved more tenderly than you are."

"I do know it," she said, through her tears.

Then he rose and stood again at the window, looking out upon the lawn and the river. She was still weeping, but he hardly heeded her tears. It was better for her that she should weep than restrain them. And, as to himself and his own feelings—he tried to question himself, whether, in truth, was he less happy in this great possession, which he had at last gained, because his brother had for a while interfered with him in gaining it? That she would be as true to him now, as tender and as loving, as though Ralph had never crossed her path, he did not for a moment doubt. That she would be less sweet to him because her sweetness had been offered to another he would not admit to himself—even though the question were asked. She would be all his own, and was she not the one thing in the world which he coveted? He did think that for such a one as his Clarissa he would be a better mate than would have been his brother, and he was sure that she herself would learn to know that it was so. He stood there long enough to resolve that this which had been told him should be no drawback upon his bliss. "Clary," he said, returning to her, "it is settled?" She made him no answer. "My darling, I am as happy now as though Ralph had never seen your sweet face, or heard your dear voice. Look up at me once." Slowly she looked up into his eyes, and then stood before him almost as a suppliant, and gave him her face to be kissed. So at last they became engaged as man and wife—though it may be doubted whether she spoke another word before he left the room.

It was, however, quite understood that they were engaged; and, though he did not see Clarissa again, he received the congratulations both of Patience and Mary Bonner before he left the house; and that very night succeeded in hunting down Sir Thomas, so

that he might tell the father that the daughter had at last consented to become his wife.

CHAPTER LVIII.

CONCLUSION.

CLARISSA had found it hard to change the object of her love—so hard, that for a time she had been unwilling even to make the effort—and she had been ashamed that those around her should think that she would make it; but when the thing was done, her second hero was dearer to her than ever had been the first. He at least was true. With him there was no need of doubt. His assurances were not conveyed in words so light that they might mean much or little. This second lover was a lover, indeed, who thought no pains too great to show her that she was ever growing in his heart of hearts. For a while—for a week or two—she restrained her tongue; but when once she had accustomed herself to the coaxing kindness of her sister and her cousin, then her eloquence was loosened, and Gregory Newton was a god indeed. In the course of time she got a very pretty note from Ralph, congratulating her, as he also had congratulated Polly, and expressing a fear that he might not be home in time to be present at the wedding. Augusta was so fond of Rome that they did not mean to leave it till the late spring. Then, after a while, there came to her, also, a watch and chain, twice as costly as those given to Polly—which, however, no persuasion from Gregory would ever induce Clarissa to wear. In after-time Ralph never noticed that the trinkets were not worn.

The winter at Popham Villa went on very much as other winters had gone, except that two of the girls living there were full of future hopes, and preparing for future cares, while the third occupied her heart and mind with the cares and hopes of the other two. Patience, however, had one other task in hand,

a task upon the performance of which her future happiness much depended, and in respect to which she now ventured to hope for success. Wherever her future home might be, it would be terrible to her if her father would not consent to occupy it with her. It had been settled that both the marriages should take place early in April—both on the same day, and, as a matter of course, the weddings would be celebrated at Fulham. Christmas had come and gone, and winter was going, before Sir Thomas had absolutely promised to renew that order for the making the packing-cases for his books. "You won't go back, papa, after they are married," Patience said to her father, early in March.

"If I do it shall not be for long."

"Not for a day, papa! Surely you will not leave me alone? There will be plenty of room now. The air of Fulham will be better for your work than those stuffy, dark, dingy lawyers' chambers."

"My dear, all the work of my life that was worth doing was done in those stuffy, dingy rooms." That was all that Sir Thomas said, but the accusation conveyed to him by his daughter's words was very heavy. For years past he had sat intending to work, purposing to achieve a great task which he set for himself, and had done—almost nothing. Might it be yet possible that that purer air of which Patty spoke should produce new energy, and lead to better results? The promise of it did at least produce new resolutions. It was impossible, as Patience had said, that his child should be left to dwell alone, while yet she had a father living.

"Stemm," he said, "I told you to get some packing-cases made."

"Packing-cases, Sir Thomas?"

"Yes—packing-cases for the books. It was months ago. Are they ready?"

"No, Sir Thomas. They ain't ready."

"Why not?"

"Well, Sir Thomas—they ain't; that's all." Then the order was repeated in a manner so formal as to make Stemm understand

that it was intended for a fact. "You are going away from this; are you, Sir Thomas?"

"I believe that I shall give the chambers up altogether at midsummer. At any rate, I mean to have the books packed at once."

"Very well, Sir Thomas." Then there was a pause, during which Stemm did not leave the room. Nor did Sir Thomas dismiss him, feeling that there might well be other things which would require discussion. "And about me, Sir Thomas?" said Stemm.

"I have been thinking about that, Stemm."

"So have I, Sir Thomas—more nor once."

"You can come to Fulham if you like—only you must not scold the maids."

"Very well, Sir Thomas," said Stemm, with hardly any variation in his voice, but still with less of care upon his brow.

"Mind, I will not have you scolding them at the villa."

"Not unless they deserve it, Sir Thomas," said Stemm. Sir Thomas could say nothing further. For our own part we fear that the maidens at the villa will not be the better in conduct, as they certainly will not be more comfortable in their lives, in consequence of this change.

And the books were moved in large packing-cases, not one of which had yet been opened when the two brides returned to Popham Villa after their wedding tours, to see Patience just for a day before they were taken to their new homes. Nevertheless, let us hope that the change of air and of scene may tend to future diligence, and that the *magnus opus* may yet be achieved. We have heard of editions of Aristophanes, of Polybius, of the Iliad, of Ovid, and what not, which have ever been forthcoming under the hands of notable scholars, who have grown gray amid the renewed promises which have been given. And some of these works have come forth, belying the prophecies of incredulous friends. Let us hope that the great Life of Bacon may yet be written.

are
om-

oers
te, I

here
not
niss
ther
And

hat,

ce."
e—

om,
but

hem

as,"
ing
the
r in
ore
of

ack-
een
op-
see
ken
ope
end
pus
edi-
iad,
een
hol-
wed
ome
the
us
be